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## MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO.

BY BEN. H. RIDGELY.



WHILE Bernhardt the divine continues to please but no longer to electrify Paris; while Julia Marlow, the new Adelaide Neilson they say, finds her youth and beauty crowned with the laurels of a quickly achieved success in America; while Eleanora Duse, the Italian, illumines the dramatic horizon of the old world with her growing fame; while Modjeska sighs in vain for a new *Camille*; while sweet Ellen Terry lights the background of Irving with her gentle charm; while Mrs. Kendall, of another school, delights the public with her comedy before the footlights; while memories of Ristori and Janauschek fade into reminiscences; while the critics go their ways and the public turns to its new idols; while all this procession passes before the footlights, the loftiest figure that womanhood has contributed to the dramatic stage in this generation—she who lent a noble genius to tragedy and a classic purity to comedy, the matchless *Juliet*, the peerless *Parthenia*, the ideal *Pauline*, the incomparable *Rosalind*, the sublime *Hermione*—while the procession passes on, I say; while the great and little lights come twinkling on the scene to-day perhaps only to go twinkling off to-morrow; while tragedy wanes and comedy waxes to suit the capricious taste of the world, Mary Anderson de Navarro, the matchless genius of her time, in the harmony of a quiet home weaves the crown of happy wifehood and leaves her undiminished prestige to glorify dramatic history.

The life of Mary Anderson is a unique chapter in the stage lore of the nineteenth century. Histrionic annals present no similar example. She is, perhaps, the only great actress who, in the flush of strength and youth, in the full glow of her triumphs, with the whole world doing her homage, even prejudiced England for the first time confessing and substantially manifesting unrestrained admiration for the genius and charms of an American actress—for London was conquered and at her feet—she is the first one, I say, while still in the full bloom of youth and health, to abandon these honors and glories for the simpler charm of home-life, and to seek seclusion at an unpretentious fireside.

Until Mary Anderson's own memoirs are published, the world will never quite understand why she deliberately renounced these seemingly irresistible fascinations for the commonplaces of matrimony and a modest home, conditions that seem at once tedious and impossible to the average being, while standing in the dazzling light of a universally acknowledged fame. And those who worship money will never cease to wonder why this young woman was so indifferent to the golden god as to give up a calling that assured her at least one hundred thousand dollars every year. They will wonder why she was willing to quit with a half million or less when she might have had a million and a half or more. It was not an impulse, because for at least a year before her retirement she had declared her intention to that end. It was not religious fanaticism, for she never had any

thought of entering a convent; and it was not wholly with a view to matrimony, for whether she had married Mr. de Navarro or not it was her unalterable determination to leave the stage. So I shall leave it for Mary Anderson herself to tell—as she will do in the memoirs which she has been writing with her own hand, and which will soon be in the hands of the publisher—why she no longer cared to stand in her greatness before the public view. She left it with the re-

spect and affection of the profession whose admiration she had compelled, her genius acknowledged by the entire English-speaking world. Neither among actors, writers, statesmen, nor scholars can the world point to a professional career that was more lofty and more honorable.

But it is with the home-life of this sweet and great woman rather than with her genius and her triumphs that this sketch is to deal. And of this in particular, because, being her fellow-townsmen and knowing recently by personal observation and intercourse in my capacity as a friend and neighbor at Geneva of the beautiful harmony of her married life, I feel it a happy mission to give the world, for the first time, a truthful glimpse of this crowning happiness, and thereby to controvert the brutal slanders of the ambushed traducers who, two years ago, invaded the sanctity of her home to print the most cruel and wanton falsehoods—falsehoods that deliberately perverted her happiness into misery, that pictured one of the most gentle, gallant and solicitous of husbands as a wretch, a parasite and a pauper; and which further, in the very depravity of mischiev-



Photograph by Klaubers, 1875.

AT SIXTEEN.

ous lying, sought to make it appear that Mr. de Navarro had squandered his wife's estate, and that they were living in poverty. It is difficult to understand by what ignoble art of mendacity these slanders were invented, and in what spirit of baseness they were uttered. Yet the fact remains that they were contrived and uttered, and that men believed them and still believe them.

But let us look at the truthful and happy side of the picture. Ten years

ago, a gallant young New Yorker graduated from the Columbia College Law School, and in the same year, 1884, was admitted to membership in the New York Bar Association. The prominent families of our great metropolis are national celebrities in the United States, and so the De Navarros need no introduction here. When Antonio F. de Navarro left college, his father was a millionaire, and the young man's expectations, considered from a worldly standpoint, were altogether brilliant. Personally he was a delightful young fellow. A man of ready wit and quick perception, gentle and manly in all his emotions, finished with the polish of good-breeding and of a sunny and genial nature, with a quick, bright, manly face and a personal presence otherwise prepossessing, it is not to be wondered that "Tony Navarro" became one of the popular young men of the so-called fashionable set to which the wealth and position of his family gave him a welcome *entrée*. It can be readily understood that such a man, had he been a money-hunter, might easily have married the millions of a metropolitan heiress; but it pleases me to believe that De Navarro was above



Photograph by Klawer, before debut, 1875.

MARY ANDERSON.

the sordid emotions that might have impelled him to a purely worldly marriage, and, even if a far more enviable destiny had not brought him to his present happiness, I doubt that he would ever have sought a matrimonial alliance on the commercial basis that such affairs are frequently "arranged" in our great American world of plutocracy.

Considering him as a practical, professional quantity, I doubt that Mr. de Navarro was altogether available. He might have been a poet, or a painter, or a master of *belles-lettres*; but I can readily understand that there was too much flint and vinegar in the work of a lawyer to invite him to the active

practice of that profession. Even now in his maturer manhood he is a dreamer—not one of those insipid and driveling dreamers whom Mr. Gilbert has satirized so exquisitely in "Patience"; not one of those who can think of a bird only as a birdling, or of a brook as a brooklet, and who makes verses to lightning-bugs and green-bottle flies and paints green jardinières on ladies' fans, but a dreamer none the less—who loves the beautiful and the chaste in art, who sees and feels the poetry in nature, and who locates his Arcadia far beyond the range of the drawing-room: not, my dear madam, that I would bring your drawing-room into contempt, for I quite agree with you that society is a very

charming institution and not half so hollow as the cynics who view it from a distance would have us think. But Mr. de Navarro seeks his *couleur de rose* in a simpler association, and loves the wild flowers better than those that bloom in conservatories (which should be taken entirely as a figure of speech; for, as a matter of fact, the cultivated posies are, it seems to me, far more radiant and beautiful than those that grow on the hill-sides).



Photograph by Klaubner, 1875.

AS "JULIA," IN "THE HUNCHBACK."

But you will, at least, have understood that Mr. de Navarro has a dreamy and poetic turn to his nature, and I have gone out of my way to call attention to it here in order that Mary Anderson's friends and admirers may be answered the question they have so often asked: "What did she see to love in that insignificant little New Yorker?" She

saw in him a great deal of unaffected sentiment and the real glow of manliness; and after all, my dear sir, what is there in our sex except those two qualities that is calculated to win an honest woman's sincere respect and undying affection?

Mary Anderson's hand was sought by men of far more importance in the great world than Mr. de Navarro, but she had played *Pauline* often enough to appreciate a real *Claude Melnotte* when he came along; and by the fitness of things it was in the end a genuine poetic wooer to whom her heart yielded. Fie, ladies! Are you not all alike? Some of you marry for money and other sordid and unsentimental considerations, but down in the bottom of your hearts is there one among you who would not rather be idolized by an honest poor man than patronized and ignored in turn by the lordliest prince in the universe? And so there was a genuinely romantic and sentimental side to the courtship and marriage of Mary Anderson.

Mr. de Navarro saw her for the first time on the stage. It was as *Berthe*, in the "Daughter of Roland," at the Fifth Avenue theatre in New York, about twelve years ago. His admiration at the very outset was profound, not only for the great artiste but for the beautiful and noble woman; and, having seen her once, he came to see her again. As a matter of fact, every night during all of her engagements in New York, Mr. de Navarro might have been seen in the same stall—unknown to her for many weeks, but none the less the most ardent and devoted of her admirers.

Dear ladies, ye who love a real love affair, you will be rejoiced to know that at least on Mr. de Navarro's part it was an affair of love at first sight. His heart was hopelessly involved even before he





*Photograph by Klauber, 1875.*

MARY ANDERSON AS A SCHOOL-GIRL.

had had the honor of addressing a single word to Miss Anderson. Happily for him there was a mutual friend who secured Miss Anderson's consent to present him to her. Alas! was there ever one affair of true love that was not akin to another?

It is not my purpose to unnecessarily hasten this sketch. You are not to picture Mr. de Navarro in the mold of one of Mr. William Dean Howells' most captivating lovers in one of Mr. W. D. H.'s most captivating novels, stepping down

and out of the first chapter and rushing forth to love and conquer. "He had a dark blue eye," you know; "golden ringlets clustered about his broad, white brow; and a tawny moustache shaded his exquisitely chiseled mouth," etc.

Not at all. He was a small, dark, almost swarthy and rather plain-looking young man, well-dressed, well-mannered, rather grave, frank and manly in his speech, gallant and courteous in his bearing, a young man of the world, up to the times on any topic of conversation,

and altogether calculated to interest Mary Anderson, or any other woman. And he did interest her, for in less than a year from that time they had become the truest of friends. But so great and good a woman as Mary Anderson was not to be had for the asking, and it was not until after a courtship of some seven years, during which time Mr. de Navarro was the most ardent and faithful of suitors, that she finally engaged her-

But shortly after **this time** reverses that had not even been **dreamed of** occurred in the affairs of the **De Navarro** family and the largest **portion** of a great fortune was swept away. Mr. Antonio de Navarro finding his condition thus unexpectedly altered, although he had still means enough left for the support of a bachelor, was unwilling to undertake matrimony until he could put a wife beyond peradventure, and proposed



Photograph by Klauher, 1875.

AS "JOAN OF ARC."

self to him. This was during the year 1889, about eight months before their marriage.

And now comes another proof of the fact that Mary Anderson married a real man. When they became engaged Mr. de Navarro's financial expectations were of the most brilliant sort: his father was more than a millionaire and was prepared to bestow upon each of his children an independent fortune.

to free the great actress from her engagement. Her simple and noble reply was: "I have enough for us both;" and, if her wish had been carried out, the marriage would have taken place at once.

But Mr. de Navarro's manly pride bore him even above his love. He would endeavor, he said, to increase his fortune; and if he succeeded in amassing a competency he would again

ask Miss Anderson to marry him. The engagement, however, was not cancelled; and, although Miss Anderson left soon for London, she left her heart in New York. How like a novel it reads! What a genuine chapter of romance to occur in the life of a great actress—one whose mission it was to play the mimic romances and tragedies of fiction! But the final chapter rounds out our comedy with the happy completeness of a fairy tale. While young De Navarro was just beginning the struggle for increased prosperity in New York, a near relative died, leaving him a fortune, thereby making his means ample to support a wife in comfort.

Was ever a lover more kindly treated, even in a novel? Alas, my dear Jones, I fear if it had been you or Brown or Smith, the lady would have gone off to London and lost her heart to another, while you would have grown poorer and poorer, and finally have ended your miserable existence by jumping off Brooklyn Bridge. But Mr. de Navarro was born under a lucky star. And then again, perhaps neither you nor Brown nor Smith would have had the courage, the manliness, and the self-respect to take up the cross of self-sacrifice so bravely; and maybe after all this was merely another illustration of the proverb that "God helps those who help themselves."

In any event our young New York hero came out with flying colors, as a real hero in a real romance always should. You may be sure, my dear madam, that he was not slow in advising the lady he loved of his good luck, and shortly was on his way to London, where he arrived during the first week of June, 1890. Within ten days from that time, or, to be specific, on the 17th day of June, 1890, Mr. Antonio F. de Navarro, of New York, and Miss Mary Anderson, of Louisville, were united in marriage at St. Mary's Church, Holly Place, Hampstead, London. Owing to Miss Anderson's dislike of publicity

there were no formal invitations, and only a few members of the two families were present at the quiet wedding.



ANTONIO F. DE NAVARRO.

This was four years ago, and from that time until this no two people in the world have been more blissfully happy than Mr. and Mrs. de Navarro. Their association is a veritable comradeship. They are at once husband and wife, friends, partners, inseparable chums. Never did the spirit of congeniality bind man and woman more firmly together. Their tastes run absolutely in the same channel. They like the same books, the same music, the same out-door exercises. Mr. de Navarro rather reproachfully says that the only sport in which his wife cannot and does not join him is field shooting, and as a consequence he is rather losing his taste for that pastime. For the first time since they were married the season just closed did not find him shooting on the moors of Scotland and England. He has abandoned pigeon-shooting at the trap altogether, an art in which he was an expert, for the reason that Mrs. de Navarro thought the sport a cruel one.

Mr. and Mrs. de Navarro have not visited America since they were married, and it is not likely that they will do so for two years yet. Their fixed home is a pretty country place, Ferdale Park, at Tunbridge Wells, in Kent county, England, not far from "Penshurst," Lord de Lisle's country seat, and "Eridge," Lord Abergavenny's.

But recently, since they have no children to keep them at home, they have been doing the Continent, and have spent comparatively little time at Ferdale Park. Last spring they took a little villa near the famous, but modest, old French-Swiss watering place of Divonne-les-bains, about seven miles from Geneva, and just over the line into France, in the undulating and picturesque valley-land that skirts the foothills of the Jura chain hard-by. Here they passed the summer and autumn until the middle of November.



A CHARACTER POSE.



AS "OPHELIA."



AS "JULIET."



AS "EVADNE."

## MARY ANDERSON, IN CHARACTER.

*(Photographed by Klumber, 1875.)*

But it was rather a busy summer for Mary Anderson. More than a year ago she began to write her memoirs, and they were about completed when she left Divonne. These memoirs, which are to be published in the United States by the Harpers, and in Great Britain by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., will be a notable contribution to stage history and to the literature of the day. They tell the story of Mary Anderson's childhood, from her earliest recollections to her debut as an actress, and then go into all the important details of her professional career. She speaks frequently, towards the close, of her growing distaste for the practice of her art, and gives her real and only reason for abandoning it. The memoirs do not refer to any of the cowardly falsehoods about her alleged unhappy married life or her reported poverty. In a recent note to a friend in Geneva, concerning the advisability of referring in the memoirs to this scandal, Mr. de Navarro wrote the following lines, which I am permitted to use here:

"I have felt the cruelty of these reports deeply, not so much on my account—for my cup of happiness is so full of her love that I can easily drown in it any ordeal—but I have resented the attacks on her, a woman, and in her most sensitive point, her domestic life. I have felt them because there were those who believed and repeated them, forgetting so easily the lustre she had shed upon her art, her sex, and her country."

From the same note I am permitted to quote the following additional passage, which I do in order that the friends of Mary Anderson's girlhood in her old home may know something of the reverential light in which she is viewed by her husband, whose character they have heretofore so entirely misunderstood:

"Her marriage had nothing whatever to do with her final determination to retire from the stage, though she did take advantage of it to leave one year sooner than she would otherwise have done. Careers such as hers are missions, and had I been, or were I now, averse to her return to the stage, I would never give expression to it by word or hint. If her happiness rested in the slight-

est way upon her re-adoption of her profession, I would most gladly lead her back myself. I am glad, however, that she has left it, for the reason that it would greatly distress me to see her weighed down again by incessant work, worry, and responsibility. Above all, I believe in perfect freedom of action, of life, and I would gladly sacrifice any feeling (which was not one of duty) to keep this in every way perfect. She says she will never act again."

Who will not share with me the hope that the wretches who invented the cruel falsehoods published over two years ago, may read the foregoing manly and touching lines from the pen of the defenseless gentleman whom they so wantonly and so gratuitously traduced.

During the summer at Divonne, Mrs. de Navarro gave from three to four hours' work a day to her memoirs, but she did not, nor does she ever, neglect home pleasures and out-of-door exercise. She is extremely fond of music, and recently an eminent master of the art residing at Geneva has been giving her lessons in voice culture. Her magnificent voice, which a number of her



Photograph by Klumber, 1875.

AS "BIANCA," IN MILMAN'S "FAZIO."



*Photograph by Klauber, 1875.*

AS "MEG MERRILIES."

admirers will contend was the most sublime charm of her acting, has developed the rich and grand tones of a dramatic contralto, and her justly enthusiastic instructor protests that her field is as much grand opera as drama. She and Mr. de Navarro spend many pleasant evenings at the piano, for he is himself an ardent musician, and they find no greater pleasure in other amusements. Mrs. de Navarro is devoted to out-door exercise. She drives, rides, and plays lawn tennis daily in good weather; but recently she has fallen into the fascinations of golf and prefers it to any other exercise.

During her married life, as before that period, Mrs. de Navarro has enjoyed excellent health, with the exception of one serious illness in 1891; and, what with her careful habits of diet and constant exercise, she is building

up a physical strength that will carry her to a hale old age. She is now thirty-five years old, and her husband is about the same age. When she left Geneva in November, to spend the winter on the Riviera, she was the picture of robust health—tall, strong, willowy, rosy, and a bit tanned from her out-door summer. With her bright, beautiful, changing face wreathed in smiles, telling the story of her happiness, I do not remember to have seen a more ideal picture of noble youth and womanhood.

Mr. and Mrs. de Navarro are to go to England and Scotland in the spring and will spend the summer visiting. They have very few intimate friends, by the way, and neither of them cares for society. Indeed, ever since their marriage, they have refused all invitations that were calculated to bring them



into the social swing. After her husband and her mother, Mrs. de Navarro's warmest affection is for her brother, Joe Anderson, who married the daughter of Lawrence Barrett; but she forgets none of the friends of her girlhood, and two of these—one in New York and one in Cincinnati—hear from her regularly. She has an ample fortune well invested, and spends the income generously but judiciously. Those who were kind to her at the outset of her career and who have since been in a position to need her assistance, have received it without the asking. She has many personal beneficiaries, and gives liberally to the church and to charity. Few better women have lived than Mary Anderson de Navarro, and the world will be glad to know that she who ornamented the stage with her genius and her beauty, who wore her honors with modest dignity, but was proud none the less of her position and her achievements, has found, after all, her greatest happiness in the simplicity of home life.

Mary Anderson's last appearance on the stage was at Albaugh's Opera House, Washington, D. C., during the first week

of Lent, 1889, when she played *Perdita* and *Hermione*; and in all likelihood she will never again be seen before the footlights. It is rather singular that she has a decided distaste for the theatre and has seen but one dramatic performance in four years. She is, however,

much devoted to opera and to concerts, and is constantly attending performances of that character. Among the actresses, Ristori, Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Kendall are lasting favorites with her. She is also very fond of Mr. Henry Irving, who treated her with great attention and courtesy in London.

While she acted, her favorite roles were *Ion*, *Rosalind*, *Juliet*, and *Hermione*. I remember hearing Mr. de Navarro say, not so very long ago, that he himself liked her best of all as *Hermi-*

*one*, in the "Winter's Tale"—notwithstanding the fact that she first inspired his admiration and love as *Berthe*—"because," said he, "the part developed the beautiful, calm dignity of her nature." "*Juliet*," he added, "showed her in all her loveableness and in the last acts called out magnificent power all her own."



Photograph by Klawner, 1875.

AS "JULIET."



## A METHODIST EVOLUTIONIST.

BY JAMES W. LEE.

IT will be a great surprise to most people to know that John Wesley did anything noteworthy besides founding the Methodist church. It will surprise a great many more people to know that the founder of Methodism wrote out the whole theory of evolution and the origin of species thirty-four years before Darwin was born, and eighty-four years before Mr. Darwin published his celebrated work upon the same subject. That Mr. Wesley's only work was the founding of Methodism is a great mistake.

The book in which Mr. Wesley demonstrates the theory of evolution is entitled, "Wesley's Philosophy," and was written in 1775, and published in this country by Mason & Bangs, of New York, in 1823.

Mr. William H. Mills, of San Francisco, has in his possession two copies of this book. So amazed was he to find these statements in a book by John Wesley, that he came to the conclusion that they certainly must be spurious copies; but I have in my library an edition of this publication, containing, in the two volumes, 967 octavo pages. Wesley's book is not called "The Origin of Species," but is really on that subject. Darwin's book begins with species already started, and studiously avoids giving us the origin of them.

On the title page of "Wesley's Philosophy" we find these words: "A Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation, or a Compendium of Natural Philosophy—containing an Abridgement of that Beautiful Work, 'The Contemplation of Nature,' by Mr. Bonnet, of Geneva; also an extract from Mr. Denten's 'Inquiry into the Origin of the Discoveries Attributed to the Ancients.'"

The preface, which is dated 1775, begins as follows: "I have long desired to see such a compendium of natural philosophy as was not too diffuse, not expressed in many words, but comprised in so moderate a compass as not

to require any large expense of time or money; not maimed or imperfect, but containing the heads (after all our discoveries) of whatever is known with any degree of certainty either with regard to the earth or the heavens; but I cannot find such a treatise as this in any modern any more than ancient language, and I am certain there is none such in the English tongue."

"I am thoroughly sensible," he continues in the preface, "there are many who have far more ability, as well as leisure, for such a work than me; but as none of them undertake it, I have myself made some little attempt in the ensuing volumes."

This remarkable work takes up Mr. Bonnet's and Mr. Denten's works, and what is true is retained, what is deemed otherwise is thrown aside. Throughout the whole book—the existence of which will be a revelation to so many—in telling of those phenomena which we are inclined to doubt, it never for one moment occurs to him that anything in God's material universe contradicted anything in God's spiritual universe. He wrote books for the people of his denomination to read, that they might the better understand the method of God in creation, as far as that method could be determined from a study of God's works. I shall quote a few extracts from Mr. Wesley's book, and these may lead people to want to know more of the man and his work.

Before quoting from the book itself, however, let us note the general make-up of the work. With regard to their species and origin, he considers at length plants, insects, reptiles, fishes, birds, beasts, and man. In these books are also treated minerals, metals, fossils; also stars and the machinery of the heavens.

Let us see now what he says. I shall make these quotations without regard to the order in which they occur in the original work. My purpose is

to show that Wesley long antedated Darwin in propounding the theory of evolution.

On page 117, Vol. I., we find this statement: "There is a near analogy between plants and animals." In Vol. II., page 181, Wesley says: "It is wonderful to observe by what a gradual progression the world of life advances through an immense variety of species, before a single creature is found that is complete in all its senses. And among so many different degrees of perfection in the senses which one animal enjoys above another, that though each sense in different animals comes under the same denomination, yet it seems almost of a different nature. If, after this, we attentively consider the inward endowments of animals, their cunning and sagacity, and what we usually comprehend under the general name of instinct, we find them rising one above another in the same imperceptible manner, and receiving higher and higher improvements according to the species in which they are implanted."

Does not this go deeper than Mr. Darwin, who says in his "Life and Letters" (pp. 268, 269): "We cannot prove that a single species has changed"?

Agassiz asked Darwin one question the latter failed to answer: "If species do not exist, how can they vary?"

This question Mr. Wesley sets at rest.

Again, on page 184, Vol. II., we see: "The whole progress of nature is so gradual that the entire chasm from a plant to a man is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, rising one above another by so gentle an ascent that the transitions from one species to another are almost insensible. And the intermediate space is so well husbanded that there is scarce a degree of perfection which does not appear in some. Now, since the scale of being advances by such regular steps as high as man, is it not probable that it proceeds gradually upwards through beings of a superior nature, as there is infinitely more space between the Supreme Being and man than between man and the lowest insect."

In the abridgment of Mr. Bonnet's work (which Mr. Wesley endorses and

puts in his own words), on page 189 are these words: "In the universe all is combination, affinity, connection. There is nothing but what is the immediate effect of something preceding it, and determines the existence of something that should follow it." Once more, on page 192 of the same part, we find: "There are no sudden changes in nature; all is gradual and elegantly varied. There is no being which has not either above or beneath it some that resemble it in certain characteristics, and differ from it in others. Amongst these characteristics which distinguish things, we discover some that are more or less general. Whence we derive our distribution into classes, genera, and species. But there are always between two classes, and like genera, *mean productions*, which seem not to belong more to one than to the other, but to connect them both."

And here Wesley does what Darwin fails to do—supplies the "missing" links in the scale of being, for "the polypus links the vegetable to the animal, the flying squirrel unites the bird to the quadruped, the *ape* bears affinity to the quadruped and the *man*."

On page 206, we again see that "animals with shells bear an affinity to fishes. Reptiles seem to take place between or next to them, being united to shelled animals by the slug, and to the fishes by the water-serpent—the eel by its formation, and creeping fishes by their method of moving, connect fishes with the water-serpent."

And thus throughout the whole category of plants, insects, birds, fishes, and quadrupeds he shows the points of resemblance and difference, proceeding then to demonstrate each slight change from the lowest form of plant life up to man himself.

Note carefully page 203, Vol. II: "By what degrees does nature raise herself up to man? How will she rectify this head that is always inclined to the earth? How change these paws into flexible arms? What method will she make use of to transform these crooked feet into supple and skillful hands? Or how will she widen and extend this contracted stomach? In what manner will she place

the breast, and give them a roundness suitable to them?

"*The ape is this rough draught of a man*; this rude sketch, an imperfect representation which, nevertheless, bears resemblance to him, and is the last creature that serves to display the admirable progression of the works of God."

And again, amongst men, as well as amongst beasts and plants, he recognizes species. For on page 211, of Vol. II, Mr. Wesley says: "If you take survey of all the nations of the earth; if you consider the inhabitants of the same kingdom, province, city, or town; nay, do but examine with attention the members of the same family, and you will imagine as many species of men as you discern individuals."

"To the Lapland dwarf let the giant of Madagascar succeed. Let the flat-faced African, with his black complexion and woolly hair, give place to the European, whose regular features are set off by the whiteness of his complexion and the beauty of his hair. To the filthiness of the Hottentot oppose the neatness of a Dutchman. From the cruel anthropophagite pass to the humane Frenchman. Place the stupid Huron opposite the profound and intellectual Englishman. Ascend from the Scotch peasant to the great Newton. Descend from the harmony of Handel to the rustic song of the shepherd. Put in the same scale the locksmith constructing a jack, and Vaucanson forming his automaton. Reckon up the number of steps from the smith that causes the anvil to groan to Réaumur's anatomizing fire." From this Mr. Wesley proceeds to show the reason of all this diversity.

He then touches upon a point that has more than once troubled the thoughts of scientists and philosophers: "Has God created as many species of souls as of animals? or is there only one species of soul in animals, differently modified according to the diversity of organization? This question is absolutely impenetrable by us. All we can say concerning it is this: If God, who has always acted by the most simple means, has thought proper to vary the perfection of animals merely by organization, his wisdom has so ordained it."

I would gladly continue these quotations, but I think I have brought forward enough to show that Wesley was a genuine evolutionist. But all through the work we will find that he believes everything to proceed direct from the mind of God. All species must originate there, and can originate nowhere else. Where Mr. Darwin puts natural selection and the "survival of the fittest," Mr. Wesley puts the will of God. Darwin would put everything on a level with mud and sticks, and rocks; Wesley raises all things to a direct commerce and relation with the Eternal Mind itself.

Darwin's work on evolution does not begin till things have started. Wesley begins with the types, patterns, plates, species, and ideas, as they were contained in the Eternal Mind, and evolves the universe out of them through the power and wisdom of Almighty God. The one gives us chaos, the other cosmos. The one reduces the universe to terms of mud, the other represents the universe as the beautiful language of the mind of God.

But this wonderful book was one of Mr. Wesley's least important works, in his own estimation, however much value it may have to us. He was the most influential man of his time. Perhaps never in the history of the world has a man done so much of genuine labor in so few years. He was descended from the very best people of England. At the age of twenty-three he was a fellow and lecturer in Lincoln College. Unsophisticated and simple, he was yet independent enough to disregard established ecclesiastical rules at the sacrifice of the friendship of the clergy. These latter closed their doors upon him. The open air was all he had left. But even in this he preached several times every day. His disregard of the regular forms of the church cut him off from the higher social circles in England, and this accounts for the fact that the prodigious amount of literary work he did was lost sight of.

Journeying never less than 4500 miles in any year, and always until his seventieth year on horseback, before turnpike or macadamized roads were known, we might be led to believe that

Wesley gave himself up to horseback riding. In the fifty years of his ministry he traveled thus 250,000 miles. When we are told by Hugh Price Hughes, the celebrated London Wesleyan minister, to whom I am indebted for most of these facts concerning Wesley, that he preached 40,000 sermons in the fifty years of his apostolate—an average of over two each day—we wonder how the man had any time left for anything besides preaching. Looking at his works we see that he wrote an English grammar, a French grammar, a Latin grammar, a Greek grammar, and a Hebrew grammar. Viewing these alone we would naturally be led to the conclusion that he gave himself up to the study of language and the writing of grammars.

Yet the half has not been told. For in addition to all this he wrote a Compendium of Logic, he prepared extracts, for use in Kingswood school and elsewhere, from Phœdrus, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persus, Martial, and Sallust; he wrote an English dictionary; commentaries on the whole of the Old and New Testaments; a history of England from the earliest times to the death of George II.; a short history of Rome; a compendium of social philosophy, in five volumes; a concise ecclesiastical history from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the last century, in four volumes; a Christian library, in fifty volumes, consisting of extracts from all the great theological writers of the universal church. He prepared, also, many editions of the "Imitation of Christ," and of the principal works of Bunyan, Law, Baxter, Madame Guyon, Principal Edwards and Rutherford, besides a great number of short biographies, with an edition of the most famous novel of the time, "The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland."

He wrote a curious book on medicine, entitled "Primitive Physic, or an Easy Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases." He prepared numerous collections of psalms and sacred songs, with works on music and collections of tunes. He published his own sermons and journals, and started, in 1778, one of the first magazines ever published in England,

which continues to this day. Though he wrote at a time when books and periodicals did not receive the circulation they do now, he received \$150,000 for his publications. All of this he dispensed in charity before his death. He desired, he said, to give his money away so rapidly, that when he died not £50 could be found that belonged to him.

Even though he did all this, his energies were not yet anything like exhausted. He founded an orphans' house at Newcastle, charity schools in London, and a dispensary in Bristol. He made experiments in electricity, and believed he had found in it a surprising medicine, and he had an hour appointed every day when any one might try the virtues of it. He established a lending firm from which many men secured money that enabled them to lay foundations for vast commercial enterprises. He had a room in connection with one of his preaching places in London, where poor women were invited to come and card and spin cotton. He employed women who were out of work, in knitting, and also sought to lessen distress by opening work-shops.

Wesley's work was universal in its scope. He was, of all people, the furthest from being narrow-minded. He loved everybody. "The world is my parish," wrote he in a letter to a friend. This celebrated sentence is now inscribed on a memorial tablet erected to the memory of the Wesleys, in Westminster Abbey. Wesley derided the idea that this is the only planet or body on which God has placed rational beings.

An incident in his ministerial life will illustrate his power as a preacher. While in Newcastle, one Sunday, he walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town, with his traveling companion John Taylor. Standing alone in the middle of the street they began to sing the hundredth Psalm. Three or four people hearing the noise, came out curious to know the cause. Soon there were standing about four or five hundred people, and before the service was finished twelve or fifteen hundred persons were assembled. When the sermon was over



the people stood gaping and staring at the preacher in profound astonishment, both at him and at themselves. Wesley seeing their astonishment said, "If you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again." At the appointed time the entire surrounding territory was crowded. Wesley's voice could not begin to reach all who had assembled. In all his career, he said he had never experienced such a welcome.

It was his custom to open his Bible and preach from the first text that met his eye. No preparation was ever made. He depended entirely on divine inspiration, and the success of his preachings showed that he nearly always received it. In his preaching career he very often had to encounter mobs; in fact it has been said that, "no man was so familiar with the English mobs of his day as John Wesley." Men would be hired to sing comic ballads where he was preaching; but his wonderful personal force would invariably subdue them. Experience gave him perfect facility in handling disturbers. In October, 1740, a London crowd came down to drown his voice by shouting. No sooner had they begun than Wesley turned upon them "and offered them deliverance from their hard master. The word sank deep into them, and they opened not their mouth."

Isaac Taylor said of him: "When encountering the ruffianism of mobs and of magistrates, he showed a firmness as well as a guileless skill which, if the martyr's praise might admit of such an adjunct, was graced with the dignity and courtesy of a gentleman." The mobs that arose in England on the spread of Methodism were not always, however, to be quelled. Wesley occasionally sustained personal injury at the hands of these ruffians. He had, nevertheless, been hardened by conflicts with mobs and the injuries did him no permanent damage. His coat was often torn; on one occasion a piece of brick grazed his shoulder; at another time a stone struck him between the eyes. He once received a blow in a riot; and again, a man struck him on the breast with all his

might, while at the same time another hit him in the mouth with such force that the blood gushed out. Yet he felt no more pain from either blow than if, to use his own illustration, they had touched him with a straw. On many an occasion, while his friends all over England were praying for him and his safety, he was fighting mobs with that same unruffled countenance and placid expression that he bore in the presence of his friends.

Wesley was a great walker. He thought five and twenty miles a day an easy and safe journey. He discovered that it was easy to read while walking ten or twelve miles. This was always a source of great entertainment to him. The year before he went to Georgia he walked a thousand and fifty miles, while preaching around Oxford. On the continent of Europe, in Ireland, no matter where he was, his zest for walking never left him. Even when eighty-five years of age he used to take an occasional walk of five or six miles, and said he always felt refreshed by it. Besides doing a great deal of walking, Wesley traveled extensively in every way in use during his lifetime. On one occasion he rode seventy-six miles in one day and preached three times. "Still," said he, "I was no more tired than when I arose in the morning." He used to read on horseback, too. He said he had never been able to understand how it was that his horse never stumbled when he was reading, seated upon the horse's back. Wesley also traveled upon the sea. He crossed the Atlantic twice, paid three visits to the Continent, and sailed forty-two times across the Irish Channel. I tell this about his traveling to show that he did not spend all his time in his study, or even in preaching, but was always on the go.

Wesley died March 2, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. It is true he was not thought much of by the higher social caste of England during his lifetime. The great work he did remained unnoticed by them. Hericulanum was buried by a memorable eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 78, and had remained sleeping unknown to us



up to a short while ago. But the repose of Wesley with his marvelous accomplishments is not to remain dormant so long as that of Herculaneum. Investigations are continually being made which reveal new things done by Wesley. A hundred and fifty years of obscurity is a small price to pay for the magnitude of the work wrought by the heart and hand of Wesley. And when we consider the conditions of the age in which he lived, perhaps this obscurity was necessary for the accomplishment of his work.

It is only gradually that the influence of Wesley has been felt. Macaulay thought a history of the eighteenth century which left out the name of Wesley would be incomplete, yet he nevertheless prophesied that the followers of Methodism would soon die out. Mr. Lecky, a great historian of England, says of the Wesleyan movement: "Although the career of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George II., they must yield, I think, in real importance, to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield."

So impressive was the work of Wesley to Mr. Edmond Scherer that he wrote to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Paris, that Methodism was the religious movement that had changed the face of England, and that "England as we know it to-day is the work of Methodism." A professor in a German university came to the same conclusion, and said in a pamphlet to his countrymen that "Methodism is on the point of becoming in evangelical Christianity practically, if unknown to many, the ruling power, like Jesuitism in Catholic Christianity." He was not a Methodist, but he looked at the signs of the times as they were, and this to him was one of the most important facts in modern Christianity.

Hugh Price Hughes is in perfect accord with the distinguished German professor, and declares that all modern religious history is summed up in the two

momentous facts that Ignatius Loyola has captured the Catholic churches, and that John Wesley has captured the evangelical churches. John Henry Newman decided that there was no middle ground and became a Catholic. John Wesley believed the same and became a Methodist.

Wesley was afraid of nothing in heaven or earth. The higher critics of the present day would be of little account to him. The fact is, in his note on the first chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, he discloses and accepts the principle which higher criticism has worked. In this note he says that St. Matthew and St. Luke, in the genealogical tables which they publish, "act only as historians, setting down these genealogies as they stood in those published and allowed records. Therefore, they were to take them as they found them. Nor was it needful that they should correct the mistakes if there were any. For these accounts sufficiently answered the end for which they were recited."

Orthodoxy with Wesley consisted in a holy, consecrated life, and he took delight in quoting a piece of advice which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave him: "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time in contending for or against such things as are of a disreputable nature, but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness."

Having read the life of Ignatius Loyola, Wesley said of him that he was "one of the greatest men that ever lived." It is reported of Wesley that he quoted with approval the words of the author who said: "What the heathen call reason, Solomon wisdom, St. Paul grace, St. John love, Luther faith, and Fénelon virtue, are all one and the same thing, the light of Christ shining in different degrees under different dispensations."

After Wesley had done so much for England and the world, it was a little surprising that a man like the late Mark Patteson, the distinguished rector of Lincoln College, should know so very little of Wesley or his work, especially since Wesley had been a fellow in his

own college. This was shown one day when Hugh Price Hughes expressed his surprise to Mr. Patteson that even his college had no adequate memorial of the most distinguished fellow that ever adorned its common room.

"What other fellow of Lincoln," added Mr. Hughes, "has twenty millions of avowed disciples in all parts of the world within less than a century after his death?"

"Twenty millions!" exclaimed Mr. Patteson, with a start, "twenty millions! You mean twenty thousands!"

Mr. Hughes had to repeat it three times over to him before he could persuade him that he meant it.

"I had not the faintest conception," said the illustrious rector of Lincoln, "that there were so many Methodists."

Yet the figures given by Mr. Hughes to the Rev. Mark Patteson were really too low. The Ecumenical Methodist Conference, which met in Washington in 1891, developed the fact that Wesley had a constituency, in all branches of Methodism throughout the world, of twenty-six millions!

## CREDO.

BY M. W. CONNOLLY.

IN years long gone, down dim-lit aisles I wandered,  
Where lights burned low behind an altar rail;  
And, kneeling down, in awe and love I pondered,  
But did not grieve;  
For there, in fertile soil, faith-seeds were scattered,  
To spring, secure from all that might assail,  
And ripen in convictions, strong, unshattered,  
I just believe.

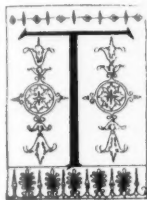
I cannot, with the sages wise and knowing,  
Who see, and weigh, and measure God's design,  
Tell how we must, in language grand and glowing,  
Lost souls retrieve;  
I cannot tell, with scholiasts, why and wherefore;  
To intuition I my course resign;  
Too deep and subtle are their secrets, therefore  
I just believe.

When Reason on her throne, in moods and measures,  
Makes wise men fashion future codes and creeds,  
To win for us the wealth of Heaven's treasures,  
I can conceive  
Of no new faith or form to add, or offer  
One light or pathway to my spirit's needs;  
I cannot leave the old for seer or scoffers;  
I just believe.

Thus, walking wearily and heavy-laden,  
To lay my burden at the Saviour's feet,  
When, in God's time, I reach the distant Aiden,  
And there receive  
Reward or censure for my poor, blind trying,  
As to His love and mercy seemeth meet,  
I know not what will greet my sad soul's sighing;  
I just believe.

## AN INDIANA CHARIVARI.

BY LE ROY ARMSTRONG.



THE boys down Corn Creek way had made up their minds if ever the school-teacher were to marry the Widow Overholt they would "bell him."

Of course, the school-teacher was of age; and, goodness knows, the Widow Overholt was, too—had been, for the matter of that, ten years, at least. She was of age, judging from her looks—this is what the women said—long before she married Simon Overholt and earned a farm by putting up with his contrary ways till the fever took him. She was of age, the girls said, if any one ever was, and old enough to be ashamed of making up to Master Birmingham the first time she ever saw him—going home with him from "meeting," before he had been teaching school a month.

Yet, in spite of all this admission of maturity, and the implied freedom to marry it gave each contracting party, there was an undoubted feeling down on Corn Creek that an old-fashioned "belling" would be the proper public recognition of this union. Not that any one entertained especial ill-will toward either of them, but a school-teacher was somewhat a public character, and his marriage was bound to be talked about; and when he married a widow—and a wealthy widow at that—the ways of the neighborhood must be permitted some license.

"We want to take Ike Rhoades along," said Spencer, leader of the enterprise. "Ike is a powerful fighter, and Birmingham may git mad and try to tackle us."

"Can Ike take care of him alone?" asked Jim Sparks, doubtfully. "The big boys there in school do say he's powerful in a wrassel. He might git the drop on Isaac."

"Wonder if we could coax Lot Adams to go along?" suggested Spencer.

"Might," said Sparks. "You go down there and see him. Lot's a dead match for Ike, and if them two can't hold the teacher level, we'd better quit bellin' people."

Spencer stepped into his canoe that afternoon, and drifted down the river to Andrews' mill. He was a good enough fellow ordinarily, but he managed to get along without work, managed to dress a little better than the rest of the young men on Corn Creek, and managed to attend all the dances and other social meetings of his section. He fished a good deal in the season, hunted when there was any game abroad, and was never too busy to join in any enterprise that promised an inexpensive sport.

He pulled his canoe up at the edge of the mill-yard, fastened it to a log that the millers had found immovable, and entered the great, rough shed in which the Adams family—father and sons—had exchanged hard work for harder cash every winter since he could remember.

Lot Adams was glad to see him. Lot was a hard toiler himself, and said he never expected to be anything else; but there was some chord in his nature which awoke to rhythm when this lighter, less useful man approached him. And Lot Adams was a giant in size—a man whom none of the yeomen he met at "raisings" and husking bees had ever been able to conquer. Time and again they had essayed the task, but one by one the sturdy fellows confessed his mastery till Ike Rhoades, gathering strength with advancing manhood, met him and wrestled the whole of one afternoon without suffering the fall they all anticipated. Ike's splendid strength became so good a servant that it developed into a bad master, and the rising Ajax allowed himself to imbibe intoxicants at the county town and then indulge a strength that knew no rival. What the result would be if Lot and

Ike ever "got mad and went at it in earnest," none of the Corn Creekers were able to prophesy.

Spencer easily persuaded the head sawyer to meet the boys at the iron bridge on Saturday night, and with mutual warnings not to "tell anybody," they parted—after Lot had weakly consented to come up in the boat, thus returning Spencer's water craft, without putting him to the trouble of running it up stream.

Saturday night found all their plans perfected. Ike Rhoades came home from town a trifle late, and a trifle ugly, his bay colt covered with foam from the hard run required by its master, and his pockets bulging with two large bottles of liquor in which the Corn Creek boys meant to illumine their enterprise. There were all of the Sparks boys—Jim, Sam, and Billy. There were three recruits from the Sand Hill district; three from the neighborhood of Mrs. Overholt's farm, and lastly, five from Corn Creek, whom Spencer had invited.

Lot Adams met them at the iron bridge, and exchanged his boat for a saddle horse. Spencer further supplied him with a great copper bell with which he was expected to wake the echoes when the bridal house was reached. Most of the other boys had pans and drum-sticks, tin horns and strands of sleigh-bells, and all of them carried firearms of one kind or another. They were bound to make night hideous when they did begin.

"I bet we will just scare that Birmingham to death," chuckled Spencer gleefully, as he held open the woods pasture gate and watched his little company march out.

Ike Rhoades started up the road with a whoop and a clatter of ancient tinware, and the rest hurried after him with an exultant halloo. The roads were muddy and they were all struggling along together at the end of the second mile. One of the men from the Sand Hill district demanded another drink, and the first suggestion of more intoxicants halted the cavalcade.

"We're havin' a heap of fun," cried

Billy Sparks, and he fired one shot from his revolver, and fairly roared with exuberance—which is sometimes mistaken for enjoyment.

"Bet he isn't expectin' no such a visit as this," proffered one of the men.

Presently they came to a well-kept farm, and Ike Rhoades stopped at the gate.

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted.

"Who lives here?" asked one of the Sand Hill men.

"Martin Bassett," said Spencer. "He's rich. What you goin' to do, Ike?"

"Hello!" shouted Ike, louder than ever.

Presently the door was slowly opened, and a woman appeared, wrapped around with a shawl.

"What's wanted?" she asked timidly.

"Take in your grindstone. It's goin' to rain," shouted Ike; and the last man of them roared with laughter, and galloped away.

Two miles more, and they stopped for another drink, agreeing boisterously that from here on they must be very quiet, so as to give the bride and groom no warning of their coming.

"That's the school-house," said the Sand Hill man. "That's the place where the bridegroom teaches. The next farm on the right is the Overholt place. They was at town this afternoon, but they're safe at home now, I bet you."

"Better get down here and tie our horses," said Spencer, and the revelers dismounted unsteadily, for their potations had been frequent and strong. They fastened their steeds to the white oak saplings about the school-house, and started off down the road, creeping along close to the fence, and hushing all noises with a maudlin insistence. At the corner of the garden Spencer left them and crept forward alone to reconnoiter.

"Dog there," he hiccupped, when he had rejoined them.

"Blast the dog," said Ike Rhoades, angrily. "Let's kill him."

"No, that won't do," cautioned Adams. "Come on; we'll just rush

in beatin' the pans and blowin' the horns, and he'll run."

They crept forward to the gate. The dog heard them and rose to his feet, barking once in a deep, ominous tone. He was a brave mastiff, but he had not bargained for such a charge as that, and when the crowd of "bellers" sprang through the gate and over the fence, firing their pistols, and beating demoniac tattoos on discarded dripping pans, he turned tail and fled to the refuge of the barn, where he stood and bayed them savagely.

The lights in the house had long since been extinguished. The inmates were doubtless abed and asleep.

"We'll wake 'em," shouted Jimmy Sparks, and he shook a shattered, crashing bedlam from his cluster of bells.

The others were equally busy. Every one was doing his utmost in adding to the din. Pistols fired in the air, old horns that never mourned so loudly, resonant triangles that smote the chilly air with trembling sounds as of an audible ague—all joined in the outlandish discord.

Still there was no movement discernible in the house.

"I'll wake 'em up," shouted Ike Rhoades, and he swept his drum-sticks down the weather-boarding of the cottage, making a noise like a demon's laughter. Right in the midst of their uproar the front door opened, and the stalwart form of the schoolmaster stood before them.

"What do you want, boys?" he asked, calmly, as soon as their pause accorded him a hearing.

"Oh, you might set out the apples and the cider," responded the unabashed Spencer, authoritative head and spokesman of the party.

"There is no cider," began the teacher, but he was interrupted by one of the men from Sand Hill.

"Fetch out the cakes and a crock of milk," he shouted.

"Or a couple of dollars to buy a treat with," came from another portion of the crowd.

Young Birmingham seemed inclined to comply with the last request, when he was halted by another demand.

"Trot out the bride! Trot out the bride!"

That seemed to suit the temper of the bellers, and they roared the demand:

"Let's see the bride, and we'll let you go."

"Gentlemen," began the teacher, but his voice was drowned in a chorus of coarse yells.

"Let's see the bride! Let's see the bride!"

He slammed the door violently. They understood that as refusal and defiance—both in one.

"We'll smoke 'em out," cried one of the revelers, and he laid a ladder against the eaves, and started up to cloak the thin column of smoke that rose from the chimney.

But the shutting of that door roused all of combativeness in the fighters of the company, and the larger portion of the crowd gathered before the stone step and madly demanded admittance. They surged and clamored there, threatening and demanding. They pushed and struggled; they heard that teacher just inside issuing orders and swearing in a quite unpedagogic way that he would boss that house or die.

Suddenly Lot Adams' huge shoulders fell upon the heavy panels, the crowd behind him surged forward, the bolts yielded, and half a dozen frantic fellows, who came for fun but stayed for anger, tumbled forward into the darkened room.

One instant they caught the flash of a woman's garments as a light-robed figure fled up a stairway. The next Lot Adams felt himself locked in the fierce embrace of a wrestler that promised him an equal. He struggled for freedom a moment, then struck out madly. His fist fell like a beetle on the forehead of his antagonist, but before he could follow it up his lips were crushed in a terrific counter. Another came fairly between his eyes, firing his brain, and almost dazing him. He must grapple. He flung himself forward again to recover the advantage he had lost. He found his man, hugged him close, tripped him, and together they went crashing down amid the disordered furniture.

How long the fight lasted none of them ever knew. Sam Sparks and one of the Sand Hill men came flying together in the moonlight; hurrying after them came two, then three, of their liquor-maddened friends.

"Where is he? where's the teacher?" demanded a Corn Creek Hector. "I chucked him out just now."

It was too dark; they were too tipsy and excited; he must have escaped them. One by one they drew away from the house; little by little that terrific fight on the front room floor reduced itself to quiet. Lot Adams, bruised and bloody, torn and gasping, groped his way along the fence, and joined them. The dog advanced from the barn and barked defiance at departing foes.

Spencer saw too late they had done a lawless thing. The whisky that had blinded him now lost its power, and he began to anticipate a retribution.

"Come on, boys," he commanded. "We'll go home."

They found their horses still waiting about the school-house. They mounted hurriedly and galloped away. Every man bore marks of brutal usage.

"He must have had a dozen men to help him," volunteered Jim Sparks.

"I belted him one in the eye," said a Sparks boy exultantly.

"I chucked him out-doors once—neck and heels," cried another, "but he come back again."

"He must have knowed we was coming," offered his brother by way of softening the memory of a warm reception.

They went swiftly enough but quietly enough down past Martin Bassett's place. They saw the owner just stabling his horse from a belated journey. They came to the gate of the woods pasture, and Spencer stood aside again to watch his followers file past. He was not so proud of them as when they sallied forth. He saw the Sparks boys riding close together and condoling. He counted the three recruits from the Sand Hill district, and the three from the Overholt neighborhood. He counted two from Corn Creek way, and then he shouted:

"Where's Ike Rhoades?"

"Ike!" called Lot Adams through his damaged teeth.

"Oh, Ike!" repeated others; but the promising young Ajax did not answer them. He must have been lost somewhere.

"Was he with us there at Bassett's place?" demanded Spencer.

No reply.

"Was he along when we left the school-house?"

No one had seen him.

"Boys, we got to go back and git Ike," announced the leader. "Mebbie he's bad hurt and can't git away."

So they turned back into the muddy road, and went sadly, soberly, toward the school-house. They were creeping past the Bassett farm full of pain, and dread of the morning. There were lights at the rich man's window, now, and signs of commotion within. A door was thrown swiftly open, and an angry farmer came striding out, bearing a shot-gun.

"You're the drunken gang that scared my wife to-night, are you?" he shouted. "Take in the grindstone, eh? I'll learn you!" And with a resolution that atoned for his halting grammar, he blazed away with two great loads of buckshot right into the thickest of the fleeing party. They had no fun and no defiance for him, now. The night was not at all what they had hoped for it. There, by the school-house, still tethered to a white oak sapling, was Ike Rhoades' bay colt, meekly whinnying at the promised release. They looked all about for its master. Spencer and Adams crept down the road, close to the fence, and peered over the gate into the Overholt yard.

There lay Ike Rhoades in the path, half way to the door. And there beside him lay the watchdog, faithful now, and savagely resentful. He rose slowly to his feet and barked hoarsely at the two new visitors.

"Are you dead, Ike?" inquired Spencer fearfully.

"No," came evidence and answer. "But I'm awful bad hurt."

"Can't you crawl down here to the gate?" The inquiry was as kindly



as it was cautious. Isaac raised his shoulders slowly. The dog was upon him instantly, and he howled in terror, while all his former comrades gasped in horrified anticipation. The front door opened just as freely as when the teacher first demanded what they wanted.

"Here, Rover," called a woman's voice; and the mastiff wagged his tail—as a sort of salute to a superior officer. "Come here!" This in a firm, commanding tone. The dog walked slowly up to the threshold. Ike Rhoades struggled stiffly to his knees, and Spencer atoned a little for his outrage by daring to come in and help him. All the bruised crowd gathered about the gate to receive him.

There in the door stood the school-teacher, not a hair disheveled, not a garment displaced, not a wound upon

him, not a quickened breath to tell of the awful struggle in which each man believed he had engaged him.

"Boys," said Birmingham, "you're pretty good fighters among yourselves. I hope Lot Adams hasn't killed Ike Rhoades."

A great light dawned upon them. In that darkened room their thickened intellects had mistaken friend for foe, and each man had become an enemy. They were limping away in confusion when the teacher continued:

"By the way, you wanted to see the bride. Allow me to present her." And the comely woman, once a widow now a wife, stood beside him, white and trembling yet in the moonlight, but thankful and proud and loving as ever a wife could be.

And that was the end of the Corn Creek boys' charivari.

## AFTERGLOW—SIASCONSETT, MASS.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE heathered moors stretch dimly far away,  
The west's a deep wine red;  
And softly now the perfect summer day  
The pale stars light to bed.

The quail is housed beneath the stubble dear,  
The wild flower's drooped in sleep;  
The lily dreams upon the placid mere  
In fragrance cool and deep.

The dusty road's lost in the dark of night  
That blurs the landscape still,  
Then, suddenly, a tender glimmering light  
Outlines the distant hill.

Against a ground all silver-white full soon  
Is etched the lonely tree,  
For now in peace serene the rounded moon  
Is rippling on the sea.

## THE KUNJER DOCTOR.

BY BARBARA WINSTON.



LONG the road to the left of the house ran the negro quarters, small log-cabins, each the exact copy of its neighbor—a dozen or so in number. In front, a score of little negro children of assorted sizes and varying shades of the same warm tint were playing in the sun. They were clad, without exception, in a single garment hung hygienically from the shoulders, which fell away in every direction as they rolled and tumbled in the sandy road, displaying a striking uniformity of "bow legs," the distressing result, their mothers would have told you, of premature pedestrian exercise.

The old brick house, the "big 'ouse," with its round smoke-house of the same material, every brick of which had smelled the salt air during a voyage from the mother country, stood bathed in the golden glow of the September sun; back of it was the garden where apricots ripened against the brick wall which enclosed it with a serpentine line. To the right the big kitchen held its door invitingly open, through which a warm gush of steam met you from the wash tubs at the other end of the room. They stood upon a wide plank, raised from the floor by various and incongruous supports,—carpenter's horses, broken stools and chairs,—and the round, woolly heads of several negro women bobbed up and down as the linen in their hands, with a rhythmic splash, ascended and descended the wash-boards.

At the opposite end, a huge open fireplace glowed with red embers. The hot ashes had been raked forward and spread smoothly on the hearth, and at a little distance, her head turbaned with a bright yellow bandana, stood Aunt Susan, the oldest, profanest, most tyrannical negro on the plantation. With an administrative ability acquired by many

long years of practice, chiefly upon her husband during his lifetime, and after his death, in a widened sphere, upon the rest of the slaves, she kept the younger ones in order by a powerful and promptly administered discipline, and the elder ones by the dread of her well known and fully credited powers of conjuring.

On the table in front of her was a generous bowl of corn-meal batter, and as she shaped the ash cakes with her hands, she dextrously tossed them into the ashes, calling out, as a means of reckoning, the name of the "hand" for whom each "pone" was intended. "Sam!"—her body bent slightly forward and an ash cake landed among the hot ashes; "Jupiter!" and another took its place beside the first; "Moses!" and Jupiter found himself with a neighbor snugly ensconced beside him.

The side gate from the barnyard opened and a young negro sauntered into the yard singing clearly, melodiously:

"I dremp't a dream de udder night,  
When ebery ting was still,  
I dremp't I saw Susannah,  
A-comin' down de hill—  
A buckwheat cake was in her mouf,  
A tear was in 'er eye,  
Suzzi: 'My love, I'm guine Souf,  
Susannah, doan' yo' cry!'"

This line of the lyric brought him just opposite to the open kitchen door, and in view of old Aunt Susan moulding and tossing her ash cakes. Then lifting his voice he poured out the chorus:

"Oh, SU-SAN-NAH! doan' yo' cry fur me!"

but before another note had passed his lips he dodged a flying missile in the air and received upon his head such a volley of oaths and imprecations as would have struck terror to any soul less reckless and daring.

"You low-down, — — —, stinkin', big, ugly, black nigger, you! I lik'

know who's guine cry for sich a sneak-in', cussed, suckey-aig-dog as you is! You git outen my sight; ef yo' doan—"

But what terrible judgment waited upon his staying the singer did not stop to hear, but sauntered on, an impudent smile upon his jolly countenance and his fat sides shaking with subdued laughter.

Over the stile at the other side of the house, up the road, past the cabins, on to the tobacco house he went; singing snatches of song, chuckling to himself over Aunt Susan's wrath, breaking off a bough from a loaded chincapin bush and thrashing it upon the ground until the prickly burs grudgingly yielded him their unripe fruit, always with an air of having nothing to do, and all eternity for its accomplishment.

He met a couple of dusky young women, each carrying a tin-pail—"kittle" they would have called it—balanced nicely upon her head. The singer stopped, and in response to his query, "What's de news down you-all's way?" the women paused, and each flung up an arm, with an easy graceful motion, to the support and steadying of the load she carried, and responded with the unity and harmony of a Greek chorus: "O' we-all's sort o' so-so; how yeh do yeh se'f?"

"Fahr to middlin'," was the reply, and both remarks were uttered with an air of making the most favorable statement the circumstances would admit of.

"You hyar 'bout Aun' Susan kunjerin' Pleas?" asked Sam.

"Law, no," said the chorus. "What Pleas done to her?"

"You ain' hyar 'bout Aun' Susan bein' lock up in de smoke 'us?" he asked, incredulously.

"Lock up in de smoke 'us? yo' doan' sesso!"

"Ya'as, Ole Mis' was waitin' at de do' fur Aun' Susan to get out de bacon outen de bahr'l. De bacon was mighty low, an' Aun' Susan mighty stumpy 'ooman, you know, an' leanin' ober de aige ob de bahr'l, she fall plump in, ker slum! heels ober haid, he, he, he! Ole Mis' did'n hyar nutin', an' she look

roun' an' doan' see Aun' Susan, an' kongclood she don' froo an' gone out, so she lock de do' an' lef'."

"Whyn't she holler?" ejaculated the chorus, more shocked than diverted by the tale.

Sam had given himself up utterly to mirth; he leaned over and almost doubled himself in his merriment, and it was only after several attempts that he could control himself to answer:

"She did holler; she holler like de patter rollers atter her, but her haid down dere 'mongst de bacon, an' she could'n make much noise, an' Ole Mis' dat deef she nebber would 'a' heerd her nohow."

He went off again into spasms of glee, and his hearers began to feel the infection slightly; but still their interest in the narrative as such overbalanced their appreciation of its humor, and they again put the simultaneous question: "How'd she git out?"

"She like to never did git out," ejaculated Sam, between bursts of laughter. "Unc' Pleas heerd her holler, an' went in de chahmber, whar Ole Mis' was settin', an' say: 'You don' lock up Aun' Susan in de smoke 'us.' You know," continued Sam, relapsing again into the calm narrative style, "Pleas talk monstrous fas' an' ondistinc', an' Ole Mis' nebber can onnerstan' him, so she jes' say: 'Go long, Pleas, I cayn't hyar one wud you say'; an' Unc' Pleas say: 'But yo' done lock up Aun' Susan in de smoke 'us.' Ole Mis' say: 'Did'n' I tell you to go 'long? Go long outen' hyar!' But Unc' Pleas he jes' pintedly stay, an' holler in her yeer: 'You don' lock up Aun' Susan in de smoke 'us.' It sutny do mek Ole Mis' mad fur enny one to holler in 'er yeer, so she mek like she guine hit Unc' Pleas, twell he go 'long out an' sen' Nancy in to tell her. An' dey went out,—" here Sam's keen enjoyment of the situation again got the upper hand of his narrative powers, and he managed with difficulty to squeeze out disjointed utterances between his fits of laughter,— "Dey went out,—an' dere Aun' Susan,—standin' on 'er haid—hi-yi-yi! O Lordy!—standin' on 'er haid in de hogshaid,—an' yellin' an' a-hollerin' an' a-kickin'!"

He concluded with a loud explosion, and this time his hearers joined in it. They carefully lowered the pails from their heads, and made deliberate preparations to give way to their enjoyment. They clapped their hands, leaned forward and back, slapped each other on the sides and shouted, uttering cries of "O Lordy!" "Laws a massy!" and telling extracts from the story itself—"Fell in de hogshaid wid de bacon—Go-od Lord!—a standin' on 'er haid an' hollerin'!"

Gradually and deliberately as the laughter had begun, it ended, the subjects suffering many a fresh relapse during its subsidence, and bursting out unexpectedly with reminiscent glee until one of the women asked suddenly, "Huccumb Aun' Susan trick Pleas jes fur dat?"

"Hit made 'er powerful mad," said Sam, dropping into a confidential tone, "an' Pleas were holpin' corry out de t'ings, an' Aun' Susan stan' you down dat he done it. She al'us did jes' nachelly 'spise Pleas, nohow, ebery sence 'fore he growed up."

After some further conversation upon the subject of Pleas's condition and probable fate, the pails were again lifted to the heads of the women and the party separated, calling back various formulas of farewell as they went their several ways along the road.

At the tobacco house the tobacco was being hung to dry. In the tall barn-like structure the poles ran across at regular heights and intervals from floor to ceiling, and the stalks of tobacco hung astride them, making tier upon tier of dull waving green, some slightly brown, some limp and withered; only a few, newly hung, still retained a suggestion of shape and freshness.

Sam took off his hat and his whole demeanor underwent a change as he approached a white man standing, with his hands in his pockets and his legs well apart, in the door of the tobacco house. A broad-brimmed straw hat shaded his sunburned face, and he was clad in a loosely fitting suit of brown linen, if "suit" may be applied to a congregation of garments each of which

seemed to bear a different date and own a different tailor.

In place of the devil-may-care, impudent, happy-go-lucky dorky, there stood before this man an alert, respectful servant, wearing an air of having just completed some arduous and important duty, and waiting anxiously another still more difficult commission.

"Well, Sam," said the white man, drawing from his pocket a long loose twist of home-cured tobacco, and biting a mouthful from one end, "well, Sam, what's the matter with Pleas? I haven't seen him all day."

"Ya-as, Marse Henry, Pleas sick, dat he is."

"Sick! what ails him? He was all right yesterday."

"Ya-as, so he wuz, but he mighty 'strested now."

"What ails him?"

"Well, I dunno 'zactly what do ail 'im. He mighty low."

"Come, out with it," demanded Dr. Fairfax. "What does he think is the matter?"

"He ain' say what de matter." Sam hung his head sheepishly in making this answer. The doctor took no note of it, however. "Don't stand there like a fool," he said angrily, "tell me what ails the nigger!"

"Well, Marse Henry," said Sam, reluctantly, "all I know is, he say he done kunjered."

"Kunjered!" ejaculated "Marse Henry," contemptuously—"of all the fool niggers!—who conjured him?"

"He say Aun' Susan done kunjered him," said Sam, doggedly.

"Aunt Susan! how'd she do it?"

"I dunno' how she do it," said Sam; "all I know is he say she done done it."

The doctor relieved his mouth of its accumulated tobacco juice, and asked sternly: "Tell me what she did to him—you hear?"

"She ain' done nuttin' to 'im," answered Sam guardedly, "'scusin' 'tis lookin' at him wid de ebil eye, or puttin' some kunjered unner he baid, er sompin' nurr like dat."

"How did that hurt him, I'd like to know?"

"I dunno' how hit done it, but Pleas

say he feel de kunjere debbils crawlin' all roun' he insides, an' he hab a mighty misery all de time."

"Whereabouts is the misery?" demanded the doctor.

"Mosely in he belly, but he dat painful in he back he cyarn stan' up."

"What's he doin' for it?"

"He ain' doin' nuttin'," was the hopeless reply. "Aun' Viney wan' him to tek sompin', but he skeered to try. He say tain' while foolin' wid no nigger what's kunjered; he jes' hab to die."

"Have to die!" exclaimed the doctor; "the fool don't think he's dyin', does he?"

"He sutny is failin' powerful fas'," said Sam, solemnly.

Dr. Fairfax thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and for some time the tobacco juice had the monopoly of his utterance, while Sam stood dejectedly before him making careful holes in the sand with his great bare black toe.

At last the white man came closer to him, and began with great seriousness: "I reckon Pleas is badly tricked, Sam; he's in a pretty bad way, but what he needs is one of these 'kunjere doctors'; nothing else is going to do him any good. Now, you tell Pleas," dropping his voice to a confidential key, and glancing cautiously over his shoulder, "you tell Pleas that's what I am, a 'kunjere doctor,' you hear?"

Sam's eyes grew bigger and bigger, and he stopped short with his toe lifted, in the act of adding another to the group of holes he had made in the yielding sand; but he made no reply.

"You tell Pleas to come to me to-night." The doctor looked up in the sky reflectively: "Let me see; the moon is up. Tell him to wait till the moon sets and it's plumb dark; it won't do to come in the light. Tell him he must come by himself and not let anyone see him come, and he must give three knocks on my door and then wait; just three knocks, mind, no more. I'll see to the rest, and I can cure him. I'm a 'kunjere doctor,' and I'm the only one in Louisa county—you hear?"

The negro had stood without moving, his eyes expanding, his mouth open during the doctor's speech. He

was utterly silent, awe-struck, for several moments after its conclusion. Then uttering a whispered "Yes, Marse Henry," he again relapsed into his attitude of amazement, while the doctor turned on his heel suddenly and with a suspiciously solemn countenance.

The evening wore away into night. The young moon, white and pale, brightened in the western sky and looked down on quiet field and road, and on the tall, dark tobacco house—shone through the cracks in its roughly-matched sides upon the limp, thick leaves swaying in the breeze that stole through in the wake of the moonbeams.

In the big house the family, patriarchal in its dimensions and aspect from the gray-haired, gentle grandmother to the toddling representative of the fourth generation, were dropping in, one by one, to the supper of hot batter bread, fried chicken, preserves and fragrant coffee. Through the open door that looked out toward the quarters the soft September air stole in, bearing with it snatches of songs from the cabins—songs melodious, sweet, with a time distinctly marked in its ever-recurring beat as the throb of the human heart, and sad, always sad, as is the negro's song in his jolliest, merriest moments.

Down by the ice-pond the bull frogs filled the air with their noise, and across the road the flat slabs, marking the last resting-place of generation upon generation of Fairfaxes, reflected the stray moonbeams that stole through the dense foliage of the trees in the old family burying-ground.

Everywhere else in the bright moonlight that night there were signs of life; boys with dogs were after 'possums; negroes, in groups or by twos, stood talking in the fence corners, or walked, singing, down the road; from an open cabin door came the penetrating twang of the banjo, and a shuffling beat that told of "juba" dancers within; parties of young people strolled out to enjoy the night, and drop in for a visit upon some uncle or cousin, for none but relatives occupied the houses for miles around. But down by the ice-pond the bull frogs and gravestones

had it all to themselves, and a ghostly fearsome place they made of it; not a negro on the plantation but would have died of fright at the mere thought of passing along that road after sundown.

Inside one of the low cabins Aunt Susan sat alone. No light save that of the moon illuminated the room, but the past was alive and awake with her, and memory's light shone round about her.

She was going about the place with the step of youth, happy, fearless of the future; by her side her boy—the likeliest child born on the plantation that year; her master said so.

Proud of him! There seemed no limit to what he could do; she lived in the intoxicating atmosphere of his praises, and each new achievement seemed to whet her appetite the more. Her love for him was of that stern, controlled type that flames the hotter in the breast because it is hidden there. Her unutterable affection spoke in the warning hand, in the ever-watchful eye of a hard taskmaster. The boy loved her, but she was cruel to him, relentless, exacting, unforgiving. Many and many a time her mistress interposed between the boy and a punishment too severe, but Susan only waited. Her authority over her own brooked no interference, and the child paid the full penalty of his sins in secret.

At last her mistress learned that the woman never abated one jot of the boy's chastisement because of her interference. Pleas told her how the child suffered in secret after she had interposed in his behalf. Mrs. Fairfax grew angry, and after many fruitless attempts to control his mother, the child was taken from her and sold—to a kind master not many miles away, but still sold.

The woman bore no other children, her nature grew sterner, more unrelenting. The hard rule she made for herself was imposed pitilessly on all about her; the whole plantation feared her, and no one more than Pleas, the stupid, soft-hearted negro boy who had told of her to her mistress.

She lost no chance of making him

feel her wrath, but her opportunities for vengeance were few. Pleas was transferred to a plantation which his master owned in another county, and from childhood to manhood she rarely saw him. But after her long waiting he had come back, a man, to the home plantation, and the sight of his familiar figure about the place rekindled the dying embers of old Susan's fierce hatred, and, watching her chance, believing fully herself in the powers with which the negroes credited her, she had brought her lifetime enemy low.

She leaned forward on her chair, her pipe between her teeth, her hands hanging over her knees, and muttered to herself:

"He tink I jess kunjere 'im fur lockin' de smoke 'us do' on me! I know he ain' lock de do'; I know Ole Mis'. But dat man guine die! He guine die! an' I kill 'im! I'se bide my time—all dese years ole Susan wait; de grudge don' bury whar hit mouty easy to fin'. I'se wait, an' wait, an' wait, but dey ain' long to wait now. Soon I stan' by he baid, an' see de sweat stan' out on he face as he look at me, an' I tell 'im why fur I kunjere 'im. He done furgit, but I ain'; I bin waitin' fur 'im dese many yeer, but I ain' long to wait now."

The smile on her wrinkled face was awful to see. The moonbeam that lay across the floor shifted from its place and reached out toward her. Little by little, as it caught her in its chilly grasp, her figure came into view, with the terrible look in her eyes, the frightful clasping and unclasping of her hard, skinny fingers.

But the moonlight hastened past her, slipped through a crack near the floor and disappeared, leaving her rocking from side to side and muttering to herself.

The hours wore on and the moon was gone. The last straggler had disappeared from the road; the last strain of song from the cabin door and the last twinkle of light from the cabin window had died away together, and the doctor sat alone in his office. It was the front room of a little house built in the yard,



a stone's throw from the big house, and into the rear and larger room the boys of the family, according to the custom of the country, had overflowed and were now sleeping soundly. There was not a homestead in the county without its "office" in the yard, though very few were used in part even for office purposes. Dr. Fairfax held a phial in his hand and was busy among his shelves. His eyes twinkled as he mixed a liquid fire, composed of every burning element his laboratory boasted. "That'll settle the 'kunjér devil,' I reckon," he chuckled, as he poured the compound into the bottle in his hand.

There came a tap at the door, cautiously repeated twice. The doctor smiled; he waited a long two minutes, and then said, softly, "Come in."

The door opened to admit a big, burly negro. He was blacker than the night upon which he closed the door behind him, and of the true negro type, unmixed with a drop of paler blood—low forehead, large prominent black eyes, flat broad nose and enormous lips. In his coarse, good-natured face if expression could be said to exist, it was one of awe and horror. He stooped and almost staggered in his walk, and leaned against the door for support as he closed it.

"Well, Pleas," said the doctor, quite gravely.

"Mass'r," uttered the negro, touching his forehead.

Neither of them spoke for a moment, and then the doctor looked at him searchingly and began: "They tell me, Pleas, that you're tricked."

"Yes, Mass'r," was the solemn reply, "I is."

"Who tricked you?"

"Aun' Susan, Marse Henry."

"You're sure?"

"'Fo' Gord, Marse Henry, she did; she sutny did."

"How do you know she did?"

"Lord, Marse Henry, I feel it. She sot her ebil eye on me, an' she put some kunjér unner my baid."

"How came she to do that?"

"She wan' kill me, 'caus' she say I lock 'er up in' de smoke 'us."

"Did you lock her up?"

"Laws, no! Marse Henry. What I

lock up Aun' Susan fur? Ole Mis' lock 'er up."

"Now, Pleas," said the doctor, warningly, "you'd better tell me the truth; it's likely you're tricked an' I want to know all about it."

"I is, Marse Henry, I is tell de trufe; I tell de hull strankaction, same like it happen."

"Well, go on."

"Ole Mis' had me an' Aun' Susan out in' de smoke 'us a-givin' out de rations fur de han's. Aun' Susan git-in' out de bacon outen de hogshaid, on' I'se corryin' it out. De bacon git-in' mighty low in de bahr'l an' Aun' Susan dat short twell she drap in, an' ole Mis' ain' hyar nuttin' an' she low Aun' Susan done done an' she go out an' lock de do' an' go in de house. An' when I tell her she done lock up Aun' Susan, she ain' pay no 'tenshun tumme, twell I hab to sen' Nancy to tell her." The speaker paused. All this had been narrated in a perfectly matter-of-fact, convincing tone, without any appreciation of the delicious humor of the situation, which had been altogether too much for Sam.

"An' Aun' Susan stan' yo' down," continued Pleas, in an aggrieved tone, "dat I tole ole Mis' she done froo, an' dat huccomb she lock de do'."

"And Aunt Susan tricked you for that?" asked the doctor, acquiescently.

"Yessir."

"When did she do it?"

"'Twas las' Sa'ady night. She make like she monstus frenly, all ob a sudden, an' she gib me some cider whar she don' made—"

"What time was it?" interrupted the doctor, with the air of extracting valuable information.

"'Twas pushin' ten o'clock," answered Pleas, "an' I ain' 'strusted nuttin', an' she po' out right smart chance o' cider in de goad, an' de fus' tas' I tuck I feel sompin' crawl down my froat; an' ebery sence," he continued, "I kin feel de debbils crawlin' 'bout in me here"—clasping his hands upon his abdomen,—"an' de mis'ry so gre't I'se most 'stracted."

During his narration Pleas had partially straightened himself, his voice

had gained in strength and he had evidently lost sight, for the moment, of his perilous condition; but at this allusion to his complaint he relapsed into his former appearance of gloom and decrepitude, and when the doctor shook his head gravely over the recital his knees began to quake for very terror.

"I'm afraid you're a gone nigger," said his master, seriously. "I could cure you, but it all depends upon how you follow the treatment, and I'm afraid you won't do what I tell you."

"I 'clar I will, Marse Henry, I 'clar I will, 'deed I will,—wish I may die ef I don',—Marse Henry ef yo' jess will cure me,—"

"We'll see," said the doctor; "you must do just as I say, or you're dead before mornin', that's sure." The negro's eyes seemed to start from their sockets as he listened. "Now follow me and don't say a word."

Doctor Fairfax took up his hat, put the phial he had filled in his pocket, and went out into the night, the negro following like a dog at his heels. Across the yard, over the stile, past the quarters, now dark and silent, the doctor went and the negro followed. On, on through the darkness, brushing the heavy dew from the sassafras bushes that lined the way, till the sound of the bull frogs grew louder and louder, and the burial-ground rose, a dark shadow, before them.

As the tall, gloomy trees about the inclosure began to separate from the black mass, and stand out, one by one, in the faint light, like sentinels advancing to demand password and countersign, the negro's steps loitered, and he followed slowly and hesitatingly. The doctor turned his head. "Come on," he said. For a few moments Pleas quickened his steps, and then began to hang back. "Why don't you come on?" said the doctor.

"Marse Henry," said Pleas, "I jess 'member I leff de stable do' open, an' I skeered yo' black mar'll git out. I better go back an' shet it," turning, as he spoke, to retrace his steps.

"Never mind the mare," said the doctor. "Come on."

After a moment or two: "Marse Henry, I done promis' Nancy I be back in haff a hour; she be comin' arter me in a minit, an' wake up Mis' Cha'lotte. Dat nigger dat skeered 'bout me she won' stop at nuttin'."

"Never mind Miss Charlotte, come on."

By this time they had reached the ice-pond. The bellow of the bull-frogs filled the air and the grave-yard stood dark and forbidding before them; the frightened patient came to a standstill and began, persuasively, "Marse Henry, de mis'ry done lef' me now; lemme go back."

"No, it hasn't left you," said the doctor; "you go back now and you're gone—dead before mornin'."

The doctor stepped over the low wall that separated the burial spot from the road and stood waiting for Pleas to follow.

"Marse Henry, Marse Henry, I 'clar I'se well; I'se all right, I don't believe I ever is kunjered, jess lemme go home: 'fore Gord, Marse Henry, dat nigger skeer me fur nuttin'. She de fool trick-enest nigger you eber see,—she jes' fool me,—I'se all right. Lemme go, fo' de Lawd's sake, lemme go!"

The doctor shook his head sadly.

"No, you're not all right, Pleas, I can tell. I'm one of these 'kunjered doctors' and I know. You're the worst tricked nigger I ever saw; if you turn round now you'll die before you get home. Come on."

Pleas slowly lifted one foot and advanced it until he stood astride the wall, but there he stopped and with hands clasped, teeth chattering, shaking knees, and uplifted eyes, he fell into a spasm of asseveration.

"Yes, I is well, Marse Henry, 'deed I is; dey ain' nuttin' de matter ob me; wisht de lightnin' may strike me dead ef I eber is kunjered; jes' lemme go back—"

The doctor turned away; the spectacle of the frightened man astride the fence, pleading and imploring with such awful solemnity was too much for even his marvellous self-control, and it was some moments before he could order him to come on.

Very slowly and tremblingly the other foot was lifted over the wall and planted beside its shaking fellow, but no sooner did its owner realize that he stood body, soul, and spirit—and both legs (his only means of escape)—within the haunted enclosure than he dropped on his knees, clasped his master about the limbs, and with tears mingling with the cold sweat of terror in one stream down his face, besought him to let him go.

"Marse Henry, Marse Henry, 'fo' Gord, I's well! I nebber drunk nocider. All dat I tole you was lies, jes' a lot o' lies; jes' lemmego. I'll go back to wuck; I's all right. Marse Henry, ef yo' jes' lemme go I'll tell yo' what 'come o' dem chickens whar yo' miss las' week, 'deed I will. 'Fo' Gord, Marse Henry, dey ain' nuttin' de matter ob me. I's de stronges', healthies' nigger yo' got on de plantashun. I is, I sutny is. I nebber is tricked. I kin do de bes' day's wuck ob enny han' yo' got. Jes' lemme go—ple-ease, Marse Henry, ple-ease, please, fur de Lawd's sake, lemme go—!"

"Get up from there!" said Dr. Fairfax sternly. "You great, big, blubberin' calf, get up!"

He took the trembling negro by the collar of his checked homespun shirt, and half led, half dragged him along until they reached a flat slab, black with age, upon which he commanded Pleas to sit down.

"Lord Gord! Marse Henry, I cayrn sot dar. Dat Marse Peyton's grabe, an' he de wust hant in all dis yere grabe-yard. Marse Henry, he hant me 'twell I die ef I sot on he grabe. Dat one ting he nebber 'low no white man do, let lone niggers."

"Sit down!" severely.

The negro, having exhausted all other means, and finding his entreaties entirely futile, tried a change of tactics, and began with an air of mild expostulation ludicrously in contrast with the abject terror betrayed in his voice. "Marse Henry, Marse Payton yo' on-lies' gret uncle. Yo' don' wan' no low-down, black nigger settin' on he grabe; yo' know he won' like it; yo' know he powerful puttick'lar pusson; yo' don' wan' mek 'im mad—"

"Sit down?" thundered Dr. Fairfax, and at the same time he laid his hands on the negro's shoulders and forced him down upon the slab, where he sat, gingerly, on the extremest edge, ready to fly at the first intimation of any objection on the part of the occupant of the grave.

"Now, Pleas," said his master, drawing the phial from his pocket, "you've got those 'kunjers' in you. Don't tell me you ain't"—at a threatened denial from Pleas. "I can tell a tricked ducky whenever I see him. If you take this physic, in a grave-yard, at this time, on a dark night, it's bound to kill them. Now drink it."

He removed the stopper, and held the bottle to the negro's lips. Pleas shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and swallowed the contents; and the next instant he sprang to his feet, clasped his hands upon his stomach, and began to execute a war dance above "Marse Peyton's" remains that must have shocked beyond expression every sensitive fibre in the nature of that "puttick'lar pusson."

"O Lordy! Marse Henry; O Lord Gord! O my! yi-yi-yi! I'se kilt! I'se dead! O Lordy! Lordy! Lordy!"

After a few moments, when the burning had sufficiently abated to allow his former fears to obtain possession of him, he renewed his entreaties. "Lemme go, Marse Henry, dat fotch 'em, sho'; dey's jes' as peaceable as lambs; dey's all dead, 'fo' Gord dey is. Jes' lemme go, an' dey ain' guine pester me no mo'."

"You may go, Pleas," said the doctor, gravely; "but if you have any return of the trouble just let me know, and—"

But Pleas was out of sight and hearing long ago. At the first word of permission he had sprung to the wall, cleared it at a bound, and rushed up the road as if all Hades was loose and after him.

Next morning there was strange news on the plantation. Pleas was well and had gone to work, and old Aunt Susan had been found dead in her cabin.

## THE ETHICAL VALUE OF THE NOVEL.

BY D. H. HILL, JR.



SEVERAL cultivated old gentlemen, recently gathered at a fashionable watering place, were talking on literary subjects, and one of them spoke of the moral value of novels.

"The moral value of a novel!" exclaimed one of the group. "I never heard of such a thing, though I have heard much of the immorality of the novel."

In a college library, a raw Freshman of Quaker descent, approaching the section containing fiction, looked askance at the rows of novels. Then turning to a professor, who was standing near, he asked:

"Are not those novel-books?"

"Yes," answered the professor.

"Well, is it not wrong to have them here for young people to read? I have always heard so."

These two views, the one of the cultivated man of the old school, the other of the ignorant youth of the new, fairly represent the opinions that have generally prevailed as to the morality of fiction. To the holders of such views, the declaration of Talfourd, "We regard the authors of the best novels and romances as the truest benefactors of their species," is simply bewildering.

But prevailing opinions are very frequently wrong, and certainly they have worked mischief to the best fiction; for it is socially and morally useful. Of course, it is true that the novel, like the lily or the mocking-bird, has the giving of pleasure for its specific aim, and that the novelist defeats his own end if he undertakes to be merely didactic or purposely sermonical; yet, for all this, good fiction is ethically valuable.

One of the important ethical values of the novel is that it helps to break up that narrowness of mind and heart

that is almost inseparable from many of the phases of modern life. In the complexity of the industrial and scientific life of this century, we have, for the sake of greater skill and economy, carried the division of labor to its utmost point. A man no longer works on a whole, but only on a part. Hence, there is great danger that, working always on a fraction, the man may become as narrow as his work. Every one knows how difficult it is even for the educated specialist to keep from shrinking into the compass of his work, from seeing nothing outside of that work, and from greatly magnifying its importance. Locke, as quoted by Hamilton, tells of an eminent musician who believed that God created the world in six days and rested on the seventh, because there are seven notes in music. Ozanam, the mathematician, said, in all seriousness, that it was the prerogative of the Sorbonne to discuss, of the Pope to decide, and of the mathematician to go to heaven in a straight line.

Now, if this tendency to shrinkage besets even the wide-awake scholar, how much more will it encompass the man that has little time for reading, whose work is narrow, and who is, by an engrossed life or otherwise, cut off from his fellow-man? Into the shadows of many such lives, the creations of the novelist are the only things human that ever enter. Take an illustration:

Silas Marner, under the suspicion of a grave crime and fiercely indignant at the false suspicion, cut himself off from all dealings with his kind, and day and night worked at his loom. Having nothing else to love, his heart began to entwine itself around the beautiful golden coins that he got from his work. They became human to him in his isolation, and nightly the miser fondled them and talked to them lovingly. One night they were stolen. He mourned as one from whom happiness has clean gone. But, on New

Year's eve, Silas, recovering from a fit of catalepsy, found a baby girl asleep on his hearth, her golden, curly head resting just where his coin had formerly been hidden. No one claiming her, he took her as his adopted child, her curls for his lost gold, and this tiny child, with her wants and her affection for him, brought him once more into loving touch with the world.

Just what this child did for this miser, other creations of the novelist, the sunny children of his fancy, do for real humanity; they are the ties that bind many isolated lives to their fellows, and keep alive in them love of their kind. "They," as has been well said, "give a vast class, that by no means would be carried beyond a most contracted range of emotion, an interest in things out of themselves and a perception of grandeur and beauty of which otherwise they might ever have lived unconscious." How? The strong novelist crowds upon these narrow lives his life-types, and causes them to take a wholesome breath of humanity. He shows them the full life of some character, ideal though it be, that begets aspirations and awakens dormant sympathies. As a result, the contracted range is broadened, the narrowing heart is expanded, the hitherto fruitless life begins to yield its proper harvest. These books teach a lesson that it took a ghost to teach Scrooge. Everybody remembers the interview. Narrow, self-centered, self-circumferenced, old Scrooge is, on Christmas eve, visited by the ghost of his former partner, Marley. During the interview, Scrooge, though terribly frightened, stammers out his surprise that Marley is being tormented in the great unknown.

"You," he cries, "were always a good man of business, Jacob."

"Business!" exclaims the ghost, wringing its hands. "Mankind was my business; mercy, charity, forbearance, benevolence were all my business! The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It is interesting to watch the magnolia forming new leaves. In early spring, the delicate new leaves are encased in

long, narrow, sheath-like coverings. When the sun and warm wind breathe upon this casing, one by one each leaf, throwing off its ensnackling wrapping, expands until the whole new cluster stands out in its freshness. In like manner, the narrow, circumstance-ensnackled lives of many men, when warmed by the broad humanity of our best novelists, unfold one by one their latent good qualities until those lives are as symmetrical as the leaf, and fragrant with good deeds.

Another ethical value is that the novel makes war on self-centralization. Self-absorption, self-seeking, is easily man's most natural vice, and our materialistic civilization intensifies it. Our very charities, the outgrowth of our noblest feelings, our lunatic asylums, our institutions for idiots, our soldiers' homes, our organized charities—right and proper as these all are—contribute to our personal selfishness, for they take these stricken and suffering ones from our personal care, from our homes and from the homes of our neighbors, and throw them upon the state. Hence, the countless acts of self-denial that would be necessary if we had to minister to them in our families are lost to our natures. Having, then, fewer things for which to deny ourselves, we fail to develop capacity in that direction, and become less tolerant of anything that interferes with our personal ease.

Again, the multiplied conveniences and luxuries of our complex life induce selfishness. The whole force of an inventor's brain is turned upon an effort to increase the ease of a rocking chair. No cavern of the sea is deep enough or dark enough to hide the delicate fish wanted by the epicure. If Madam Giddy's hat needs an ornament, no daintily clad bird can so bury itself in "the forest primeval" as to escape the snare of the fowler. We defy the seasons, and in the dead of winter enjoy the fragrance of spring flowers, and tickle our appetites with summer fruits. In fact, our wants are so catered to that we begin to think that personal comforts are the things for which to live. We are in danger of becoming completely



wrapped in the study and gratification of our wants, and, in the same ratio that our hearts become absorbed in self, they become unmindful of others. Now, if to this cultivated selfishness, we add our innate selfishness, far short will man fall of the declaration, "How grand a thing is man."

Some antidote to this most poisonous selfishness must be found: a sinking of self, a sympathy for lives not in any way joined to our own lives, are necessary characteristics of a nature that would think high thoughts or do noble deeds, for

Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man.

How can he be made to do this? Are there any factors at work to hasten the day when "with honest pride men will scorn each selfish end?" If so, these forces must act by calling into play man's sympathy, "the one poor word," according to George Eliot, "that includes all our best insight and our best love."

Two such agencies have long been at work to effect this end. The first and highest is, of course, religion; the second is poetry. Especially has the tragic poet, in picturing the sufferings of those who, in the pursuit of their own selfish ends, encroached upon the rights of others, been a potent factor in calling into use, and thereby refining and developing, our feelings of sympathy, love, and charity. We overlook how many of the world's noblest lessons have been taught by the lyric and the dramatic poet.

In 1740, the novel came as a third agent of sympathetic development. Ever since, the true novelist has, with a skill greater than that of an *Ivanhoe* and a strength more irresistible than that of a *Richard*, been breaking lances against selfishness and baseness. Between the work of the poet and the novelist there is this difference: The poet reaches the thought leaders, and through them the masses—for little poetry is read by the masses; the novelist reaches the masses directly. Hence his is the speedier work.

Need I illustrate how the good novel

leads us out of self, awakens sympathy, and thereby counteracts self-centralization? Is there any life so self-centered that the self-abnegated character of *Dinah Morris* has not power to inspire it? Who can follow her as she remonstrates with *Chad's Bess* upon her indifference, warns wiry *Ben* against his sins, or, as laying aside the preacher to become that greater than woman preacher, a helpful woman, she ministers to the comforts and soothes the querulous complaints of *Lisbeth Bede*, or as she seeks, even in the dungeon, the wretched and despairing *Hetty*, clasps her arms around the doomed woman's neck, and prays, "Come, Lord, thou who art mighty to save to the uttermost, and rescue this lost one"—who can do this, and not say, "This book has brought me nearer my fellow-man?"

Lives there a man with soul so calous that he can come away from the death-bed of old *Colonel Newcome* after hearing his *adsum* to the Great Master's roll-call, and not declare, "Such humanities deserve my admiration, my reverence, my love, my imitation?" Could even a *Pecksniff* get acquainted with *Dominie Sampson*, hear his "pro-dig-ous" when confronted with baseness, see how he and his earlier brother ecclesiastic, *Parson Adams*, almost lose their own identity in their devotion to others—could even a *Pecksniff* see this, and not be ashamed of his own self-seeking rascality?

*Thackeray*, in his lecture on "Charity and Humor," thus comments on his fellow-novelist: "There are creations of *Mr. Dickens* that seem to me to rank as personal benefits—figures so delightful that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness, your hands feel the cleaner for having shaken hands with them. . . . Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness that this generous, gentle, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy



my share, and say a benediction for the meal."

But possibly some may say: "These characters that the novelist creates are fictions, mere abstractions of the intellect. They are unreal, and sympathy for them is likewise unreal and idle." True it is, that as individuals these characters are unreal, but as types of men they are real; for, as one of our essayists reminds us, "Man can never imagine [never paint] that which has no foundation in his nature . . . and when men describe high virtues and instances of nobleness that rarely light on earth, so sublime that they expand our imagination, yet so human that they make our hearts gush with delight, he discovers feelings in his own breast and awakens sympathies in ours that shall assuredly one day have real and stable objects to rest upon."

A third moral benefit of the novel is, that it quickens and enlarges the imagination. Of course, the word imagination is here used, not in the narrow sense sometimes given it, but in its technical sense as the constructive faculty of the mind. Although many people look upon the imagination as a sort of peacock's tail to the mind, pretty but useless, it is, nevertheless, one of our most useful faculties. "A vigorous power of representation [of imagination]," says Sir William Hamilton, "is as indispensable a condition of success in the abstract sciences as it is in the poetical and forensic ones, and it may reasonably be doubted whether Aristotle or Homer were possessed of the more powerful imagination." This is the faculty from which we get our power to read character, to know human nature. How important, then? "A knowledge of men," if a quotation from Hamilton is again admissible, "chiefly consists in a knowledge of the principles by which their thoughts are linked and represented. The study of this is of importance to the teacher in order to direct the character and the intellect of his pupil; to the statesman that he may exert his influence on public affairs; to the poet that he may give truth and reality to his dramatic situations; to the orator that he may con-

vince and persuade; to the man of the world if he would give interest to his conversation." In other words, to be forceful, we must know human nature. To know a man's nature we must study his imaginative faculty to see how he links or disjoins a given set of facts and actions, and we must study ours to help interpret his.

To illustrate in a simple case: After careful observation, a particular congressman is selected as a fair representative of a set of members whose votes are wanted. Lobbyist A goes to this congressman, and, in a delicate and private way, offers him money to support a certain measure; the congressman scoffs at him. Lobbyist B goes to the same congressman and offers sectional reasons for his support of the same measure, and gets his vote. Now the congressman's principle of disjunction and association is known. There is nothing in his nature that will join with a money motive, but he is moved by sectionality. Hence, we know this man and the class that he represents; and, in all future dealings with them, we, since we have ascertained the "principles by which their thoughts are linked and represented" are *imaged*, know how to understand them and how to appeal to them.

Now broaden the application of the principle in the illustration. Use it in all dealings with men, and the user becomes an expert of humanity. In this study of humanity, fiction helps materially. The master of fiction has thought over all methods of association; he is eminently a dissector. He images for our aid every conceivable sort of motive, and no spring of action has been too subtle for his portrayal. Therefore, applying to actual cases what we have learned from truthfully supposed cases, our imaginative faculty is strengthened, and all our representative powers properly directed.

Certainly there was a time when the imagination, in its fundamental form, needed no cultivation. Originally, man was most abundantly endowed with this power, but the utilitarianism of this practical age has mistakenly stamped out much of it. To see it in its first and simplest manifestation, we must turn

to childhood and to primitive man, and notice how different may be the representation of an object on the part of a child or of a semi-savage on the one hand, and the representation of the same object on the part of an adult or of a civilized man on the other. The thing that is to the child's fancy-kindled eye a beautiful belle or an imperious queen, is, to the eye of maturity, only a broken-nosed doll. In jungles that the early English filled with fairies and bogies, in caverns that the people filled with gnomes, less imaginative moderns apprehend nothing more uncanny than snails and toads. The regular African, rioting in mental pictures, supercharged the night with ghosts and goblins, and had no end of voodoo charms to dispel them; his American descendants, who have risen to the dignity of eye-glasses and soda water, disturb themselves little about these meddlesome folk.

While excessive imagination is, of course, bad, our fancies are becoming too dry. This barrenness of picturing power causes us to lose too much of the life around us. "While," remarks Emerson, "the prudent and economical tone of society starves the imagination, affronted nature gets such indemnity as she may. The novel is that allowance and frolic that the imagination finds. Everything else pins it down, and men flee for redress to Byron, Scott, Dumas, Sand, Dickens, etc." Why to these writers? Because they serve grist to the mill of our imagination, and at the same time discuss, not facts, but humanity. Because they disclose to our view those secret and carefully guarded associations of the mind that make a man's actions what they are. Because they raise an iron-shuttered window through which we may look into the depths of another's soul, which, though itself fictitious, is a type of many real ones, whose kinship to our own we recognize.

Let us take from that terrifically grand novel, *Romola*, an illustration: See a young Greek, Tito Melema, exceed-

ingly handsome, almost irresistible in the freshness of his young beauty, polished, scholarly, strong in belief in himself, to outward eyes a man ideally equipped for a successful life. See him, led on by love of ease and present enjoyment, guilty of his first wrong deed, an act of base treachery to an unloved adopted father. Then, as a consequence of this first sin, see him stain his young lips with a premeditated lie. All his after wretchedness is linked to this one lie; he cannot shake off its consequences. As a result, one by one new links are added to the chain of wrong-doing until he is fettered to sins of the basest sort, and merits the denunciation of the wronged father: "There is, among you, a man who is a scoundrel, a liar, a robber. I was a father to him. I took him from beggary when he was a child. I reared him, I cherished him, I taught him, I made him a scholar. My head has lain hard that his might have a pillow, and he left me in slavery; he sold the gems that were mine; and when I came again he denied me." Such analyses of moral possibilities, such deductions from the effects of one action, do, in addition to their other work, much to foster that "prudent self-control" that Burns declares to be "wisdom's root."

Of course, in all that has been said, "novel" has been used in the sense of good novel. A trashy novel is an "abomination of desolation." Those who use the form of the novel to discuss indecencies, as Zola has, or to attack a good, as Mrs. Ward has, pervert a good just as any other good may be perverted, and it is unfair to condemn the novel because of this perversion. If these works are judged with the same honesty and the same candor that are usually brought to bear on other classes of literature, they must be counted among the uplifting influences of our sad lives; for, whatever adds sunshine to life, whatever draws from the heart its purer qualities, whatever adds one particle to the broadening of the soul, is a blessing; and this is the work of the good novel.



"With a shudder she sank on her knees."

## A FUTILE AMENDMENT.

BY ANNE BOZEMAN LYON.

### I.

IT was a large, square room, with glaring white walls and slippery mohair furniture, offensive to beauty-loving eyes. But the most exacting lover of color could not have cavilled at the light filling the place, which was rich with the garnered gold of the perfect summer day. As it fell through the wide-open west window it crept until it lay—a palpitant pall—across a coffin on a heavy table. The cheap satin lining was changed from bluish-white to ivory by the vivid hue that flickered over the dead man, and caused his features to seemingly pulse with life. So acute was this impression that a young woman, who sat before the fireplace, rose from her chair and stood by the coffin.

She was a tall, sinewy creature, with a fine face, pale and drawn now; but her large eyes bore no sign of tears, though they were heavy with grief. Masses of russet-flecked dark hair tumbled about her shoulders, and lay in a thick, straight bang on her brow.

She bent over the dead, and laid her lips against his eternally dumb mouth. With a shudder that swayed her like a wind-shaken palm she sank on her knees, hiding her face from the curious eyes of the men and women about her.

Five—ten minutes passed. There was no sound except the scraping of a heavy-booted foot against the bare floor, and the prolonged, dreary crowing of a rooster. Then there was the noise of quick, echoing steps, and a girl entered the room. So pitiful did she look as she cast a timid glance at the watchers of the dead, that the faces around her should have melted into kindness; but they only grew harder, or flushed with anger as she approached the table.

The stranger was very pretty; a delicate prettiness appealing to one's tenderness. Her flaxen hair, brushed smoothly behind her ears, had not a ripple in its pale lustre, and the knot into which it was loosely coiled was ruffled so that a broken halo seemed to surround it when her sunbonnet fell off. The dark-blue calico gown she wore

made her skin appear pallid as a ghost-flower, growing in the dimness of the swamp. But pretty as she was her small mouth and light hazel eyes evinced feebleness of will.

The new-comer was terribly distressed. Yet, her grief had no effect upon the pity of those men and women, who only scowled at her as she rested her little thin hands on the edge of the tawdry metallic case. As the kneeling woman had done, the stranger looked down on the face of the dead as if to pierce through the frozen shut lids, and compel the eyes beneath them to smile up into hers. But she did not lay her lips on his. She merely lifted one hand and softly smoothed his hair, yellow as that of a Viking.

The light falling over the coffin quivered into redder gold, and clothed her in fiery mist. It dropped its plenitude over the black-gowned, kneeling girl whose russet-tinted dark hair shone with a coppery gleam; streaming about her it broke into tiny squares as it fell to the floor, and shimmered like shattered rubies on the clean boards.

The watchers gazed upon the two women as though fascinated by the splendor of the glow enveloping them. They wondered what the dead would say were he suddenly invested with life to see those grief-stricken creatures, and they looked at each other meaningly. Their glances said plainly that the intruder was not to be tolerated; but no one had the courage to speak to her.

Finally an old woman, whose name was Mrs. Trotter, said:

"Sue, don't yer know who's er standin' by Dave?"

At the sound of the quavering voice the visitor leaned more heavily on the coffin as though its occupant could shield her from brutal vituperation.

"Lemme erlone; I don't keer fer no person," Sue Benton moaned without raising her head from her arms.

"Yer needn't keer fer me, Sue; I hain't did nuthin' 'cep'in' come ter see him. I jist heerd he ware daid, en my paw kilt him en er scrappin' match. I've walked five miles from my Aunt Angie Keesee's; I ware upthar, en nuv-

ver knowed nuthin' erbout ther row et Ryan's sullivan."

"Lord, Crystaltina!"

Sue sprang to her feet, and over the body of the man who had been the lover of both, they faced each other. The livid hue of Sue's dark face burnt into dusky red as she regarded the girl. But she continued:

"Mis' Trotter tol' me las' night jist 'fore he ware kilt thet he ware ergoin' ter see yer; but I nuvver b'lieved her—"

"Up en tol' me I lied," Mrs. Trotter interrupted with asperity. She refreshed herself, however, with a generous rub of snuff, despite the solemnity of the occasion.

The two young men, Mose Tinney and Simp Barker, who shared the vigil, looked embarrassed when Sue said:

"I know now Dave lied ter me all th'ough. Ter think he wanted ter ma'y me, en all ther time he ware ermakin' love ter Crystaltina Hooper! Were yer en him erkeerin' fer one ernuther when my maw died, Crystaltina?"

"We keered fer one ernuther er long time, Sue; but I nuvver laid off ter ma'y Dave," Crystaltina humbly replied.

Here Mrs. Trotter joined in the talk.

"Yer pore leetle ig'rint thing, yer couldn't look fer nothin' better'n Dave'd drap yer when he ware tired er yer. Sue's er lady, en he ware jest erflirtin' erway the time erlong er yer; yer s'pose Dave Gleason would er ma'yed ol' Pete Hooper's gal?"

"Hesh, Mis' Trotter," Sue commanded. But she went around to Crystaltina, and, placing both her strong hands on the girl's shoulders, asked: "Ware Dave ergwine ter see yer when my maw died?"

A moment elapsed, in which Mose Tinney and Simp Barker waited anxiously for Crystaltina's reply. When it came their sorrow for Dave's violent death was swept into indignant sympathy for Sue.

"'Fore yer maw died Dave ware layin off ter ma'y me; but yer got money by yer maw, en he's good's tol' me he didn't want no pore gurl like me, Sue."

Sue's hands dropped as she cried:

"'Thet bein' ther case he wanted ter ma'y me. He courted me ther night my maw ware er corpse. If I'd er knowed hit—"

She ended abruptly, and, crossing the room to the window, leaned out, while Crystaltina stared at her through fast-falling tears.

Poor Sue! She had loved Dave with the mighty strength of her soul, and her heart was broken when Simp Barker brought the news of his death. It was worse, however, than the most cruel bodily torture to know of her lover's baseness. As she stood panting for air she went through the bitterest experience that ever comes to a woman—knowledge of treachery in the man she loves. All the tender love she had cherished for Dave died; and in its place sprang scorn so great she wondered she ever loved him. She was ashamed to think of him as he might have been—her husband—for in her soul she hated him.

Mrs. Trotter rose and brushed away with her turkey-tail fan a bee that buzzed over the coffin. She was about to speak, but Mose Tinney beckoned to her and they left the room.

Sue paid no heed to them. She leaned farther out of the window, and looked up the one street of Poplar Flat. On each side of it were cheap box-houses, their whiteness washed with the roseate gold of the afterglow. Two stores were at the other end of the street. In the rear of one of them she knew Pete Hooper, Dave's murderer, was confined. Yet, no thought of anger against the assassin thrilled her.

Simp Barker approached her. Laying his hand on her arm he asked:

"Sue, won't yer lemme take yer home?"

She turned her dry eyes upon his pitying face, and a scorching blush blazed itself over her own.

"He nuvver loved me, Simp," she moaned.



"SHE SAW A HUMAN FORM."

"Sue," he whispered hesitantly, "yer better come home."

Sue made no response, but, turning from the window, she followed him from the room.

Crystaltina stood weeping beside the coffin until Mrs. Trotter and Mose returned.

"Crystaltina," the man asked, "air yer seen yer paw?"

"No; I don't want ter see him, fer he kilt Dave."

She drew her sun-bonnet over her head as though to prevent any attempt at continued conversation.

The fiery mist quivered, and a violet hue darkened its splendor. Dave's golden hair looked for a moment as if spattered with the blood that bubbled up from his heart when the bullet from old Hooper's pistol found lodgment in it. The scarlet light paled, for the brilliancy of the west changed to aquamarine, which was suddenly transmuted to sullen gray. In the dim twilight the murdered man's profile gleamed like a





"VER PAW BROKE JAIL."

cameo. A little gust of wind, lifting a lock of hair from his brow, strayed and stirred his thick moustache.

Before she left the room Crystaltina kissed his icy lips.

## II.

She dragged herself down to the gate, where she stood for some time. The twilight blended rapidly with night. It was now so dark that, as she lingered in the shadow of a cotton-wood tree, she was quite hidden from view. The atmosphere was very close; but she tightened the strings of her bonnet, and pulled it

over her face. Softly she drew down the latch, then as softly opened and shut the gate, and walked across the street.

Her home was beyond Poplar Flat, but the shortest way to it lay past Ryan's saloon. Instead of going to her house in a straight line, she made a detour, tired as she was, through the cotton fields. She plodded on and on in the dust; it was a long stretch of road, and it seemed interminable to her. Finally the field assumed a triangular shape, bordered on one side by cotton-wood trees, on the other by a cypress brake. Fearful lest someone would meet her and compel her to see her father, she took the side of this triangle, along which ran a



narrow path, nearest the brake. It was so close to the stagnant water that the conical "knees" growing in its blackness seemed to move toward her. The moon was rising broad and full, its light whitening the ash-hued trunks of the great trees. In the effulgence the dismal brake seemed a marble colonnade paved with silver-shot onyx, for the inky water was splashed with splendid shafts. Crystaltina peered timidly into the impenetrable reaches, and she shuddered as an owl's screech grated in the stillness; but she hurried on.

At last that dreary path curved away from the cypress trees, and for some distance led her through the field, where it plunged its sinuous way into a clump of red-bud trees. It was so dark that Crystaltina ran rapidly onward until she reached another field, where she paused and removed her bonnet. She was on her own land and felt safe; nobody would molest her she was sure, as her father's evil name kept away intruders. It was suffocatingly warm; over the earth floated a miasmatic scent, sickeningly oppressive. As she inhaled it she again put on her bonnet, for the odor brought with it the curse of the swamp—malarial poison. Resuming her walk she soon reached the rear of her house.

It was built of logs, with two large front rooms, divided by an open hallway. From the rear of the room on the right of the hall, or porch as it was called, was an addition, roughly constructed of unplanned boards, serving as kitchen and store-room.

The house fronted the road leading into Poplar Flat, but it was concealed from the view of passers by a thicket of papaw trees that had sprung up between the fence and cabin. Old Pete Hooper had been too lazy to remove them from his premises, so they had grown and flourished until there was only a narrow path from the gate to the porch.

Crystaltina stumbled up the back steps and went to her own room, which was on the right. She was very shiftless, but she possessed a dormant sense of order, impelling her to place things where she could find them, even in the

dark. Groping her way through the darkness to the mantelpiece she readily found a box of matches. She struck one. The small, bright flame flashed up and burned steadily, and she peered about her beyond the radius of light. In the brief illumination her pretty face showed the tragedy that had smitten her life. But as the match went out she started; for over in the deep shadow by her bed she saw a deeper shadow, having the outline of a human form. She struck another match, and hurriedly lit the lamp. Her hands trembled; yet she lifted the lamp, and, advancing to the middle of the room, held it high over her head. Throwing her bonnet on the floor, she looked all around her before she turned her eyes to that dark corner. Then, with a nervous jerk of her body, she looked again. The lamp flickered, but the nebulous outline materialized into the figure of a man who regarded her with a scowl on his whisky-soaked face.

She put the lamp on the table and cried:

"Paw!"

The man rose from his chair; approaching her he gripped her arms. His eyes were red from drink, the fumes of which tainted the air.

"Don't holler like that; if you do, I'll blow out your brains," he said, fiercely. "Yer think I want them fellers et Ryan's ter fin' me out?"

"How'd yer git out?"

She tried to wrench herself from him, for his strong grasp hurt her tender flesh.

He asked, with brutal arrogance:

"Air hit ther fust time yer paw uvver broke jail?"

"No," she briefly responded, thinking of a past ugly episode in his life.

"Whut good'll hit do 'em?" he asked. "Crystaltina, I done hit er purpose," he added.

"Oh! paw, whut'd he uvver do ter yer?"

She freed herself from his grasp, and dropped in a miserable forlorn heap at his feet.

"Nuthin'! We jist qua'led, en he made me mad fer which I kilt him."

"Hain't yer skeered?" she asked in a stifled voice.

"No."

Ready as his reply was she could detect latent fear in it. But she rose to her feet asking:

"Hain't yer hongry?"

"We'd supper erbout dark," he responded. "'Twarn't bad consid'in' I ware jugged. Ryan's wife's er good cook, en I et er plenty, fer I knowed hit'd be er col' day en Augus' fore I'd git ernuther like hit."

Crystaltina regarded his red, imbruted face with an expression of most unfilial loathing. Her lips tightened in a straight line, the sternness of which spread over her delicate features and made them hard and old. Her tear-swollen lids drooped over her vacuous eyes, but the look in them changed from contempt to resolution. She drew in her breath nervously; then moistened her pale dry mouth as her expression quickly became one of concern.

"Paw, they'll be er-lookin' fer yer; en yer mus' go up en ther lof'."

"I reckon I hed better, Crystaltina, but I mus' be er-movin' by sun up," Hooper responded.



"SHE HAD DELIBERATELY BETRAYED HER FATHER TO HIS PURSUERS."

"Which erway yer layin' off ter go ter-morrer?"

"Ter ther river; I'll sleepen Green's cabin on ther fur side er Willer Lake."

Crystaltina seated herself on the side of the bed and said:

"They kin ketch yer easy's fallin' off er lawg."

He shook his unkempt head.

"I'll go th'ough ther swamp—take er bee-line—en lay low tel ther hunt's over."

"U-m-m."

The murmur could have been interpreted as one of assent, or the reverse, by her father.

"Hit's erbout time fer 'em ter be er-payin' ther respec's ter ther pris'ner they lef' er-settin' en ther gear-room et Ryan's." He laughed and continued: "I'll clumb up ter my perch, Crystaltina, ef yer'll fetch ther ladder."

She arose to comply with his wish, but he stopped her, asking:

"Whar ware yer when yer heerd Dave ware kilt?"

She winced perceptibly.

"Et Aunt Angie's."

"Yer didn't let no grass grow under yer feet er-gittin' ter town," Hooper told her with contempt.

"Thar won't none git no chance ter sprout in yer tracks nuther 'fore ther she'ff gits yer."

Her tone was as hard as his own, although her mouth trembled and tears shone in her eyes. But she left the room.

He heard her dragging the heavy ladder across the porch, and he also went out there. In silence they propped the rude ladder against the wall; and as silently old Hooper unsteadily climbed to the top and crawled through the aperture in the ceiling into the loft. He fastened the door with clumsy fingers; she heard him stumble over the loose boards forming the floor of the loft, and throw himself down beside the open window.

Laboriously, Crystaltina replaced the ladder, and went to her own room. She fastened her door with shaking fingers before she undressed. After she got in bed she heard footsteps coming up the path through the pawaw trees. Her

heart beat furiously as she leaned on her elbow, and stared out into the moonlit yard.

The footsteps sounded on the floor of the porch. There was a loud knock on her door as some one called:

"Crystaltina!"

She did not reply. The knock and call were repeated. After some moments she asked, in sleepy tones:

"Who air thet?"

"Mose Tinney and Simp Barker. Open ther door; we got sump'n ter tell yer."

The response had in it a hesitant tone as though the speaker shrank from divulging his news.

The two men heard her walk across the floor in her bare feet. Through the cracks of the door fine lines of light shone as Crystaltina lit the lamp. Another second, and she stood before them with disheveled hair, and her frock hastily put on. She was very pale, but there was no expression in her face except surprise. Yet, she left the lamp in her room and closed the door when she came out on the porch.

"Whut yer want?" she questioned, moving into the shadow beyond a broad moonbeam.

"Yer paw broke jail," Simp began, awkwardly; "least he got out er Ryan's gear-room while Ryan en er lot er fellers ware er-playin' poker in ther sulloon. We come ter ast—" he paused as if it was most repugnant to his kindly nature to finish the question.

But Mose Tinney abruptly said:

"We 'spicion yer seen yer paw."

She breathed hard and her brain quivered as she thought she had it in her power to avenge her lover's death. But some latent filial instinct controlled the impulse to tell the two men that the murderer was lying above them in the loft.

"Simp, I hain't saw paw sence 'fore he kilt Dave."

"Yer right sho'?" Tinney persisted, ignoring the fact that she had not replied directly to him.

"Yesh."

Positive as the asseveration was, there was a strained, unnatural intonation in her voice that made Simp ask:

"Crystaltina, yer'd er tol' us ef yer'd er saw him, wouldn't yer?"

"Yesh," she replied so earnestly that the men felt something like repulsion toward her. Emerging from the shadow into the moonlight she iterated: "Yesh, I'd er tol' yer—jestice es jestice, en I loved Dave. Paw hain't ben good ter me. Ef Dave hed er kilt paw he'd er ben hung; en hit don't foller now paw's kilt Dave thet he won't be punisht."

"Hesh, Crystaltina; hit seems orful ter hear yer say sech things," Mose exclaimed, noting the hard, revengeful tone.

She moved toward her door.

"Thar hain't no tellin'."

"Crystaltina!" Simp cried, "whut yer mean?"

She slowly repeated:

"Thar hain't no tellin'."

"Air yer seen yer paw?"

Both men drew nearer to her as they asked the question.

"He ware here 'fore I laid down ter sleep," she replied as coolly as though her words did not prove her mendacity.

Mose caught her arm and shook her slightly.

"Did yer keep us ter give him time ter git erway?"

"No; I don't keer erbout him git-tin' ther start er yer."

Mose pulled her into her own room, and, eagerly scanning her features in the lamplight, demanded:

"Whar's yer paw, Crystaltina?"

"He'll be at Green's cabin on ther fur side er Willer Lake termorrer night."

She looked straight into Mose's eyes, and let her glance wander around to Simp, who stood on the threshold gazing at her in wonderment. The latent filial feeling in her heart was smothered by an intense desire for revenge. Now that she had told where her father would be the following night she felt an overwhelming impulse to hasten his capture. Yet, she could not have told that old Hooper was concealed in the loft; she tried to do so, but something seemed to hold her tongue.

Mose's grasp relaxed, and he moved from her.

"Let's be er-goin'," Simp said.



"SHE PAUSED AT THE BOTTOM STEP."

"Well, hain't no use ter search 'roun'." Mose regarded Crystaltina as he paused. "Yer reckon we ought ter look fer the ol' man?"

"No."

Simp's was the stronger will, and he objected to a search merely because he was not at all sure old Pete had departed. He wished to give Hooper an opportunity to escape. Knowing Mose was easily influenced he hurried him off.

As they tramped down the little path Crystaltina threw herself on her bed with a loud sob. She lay weeping until the lamp flared and smoked in the night-wind, when she arose and put it out. For a long time she listened for some sound overhead; but there was nothing except the scurrying noise of a mouse, and she crept back to bed.

### III.

The next day at noon Dave Gleason was buried in the little cemetery beside Swan Lake, on whose placid breadth the yonquapins spread their great leaves and wide yellow blooms.

While the simple services were going on Crystaltina sat on her doorstep with her eyes fixed on the rustling leaves

of the papaw trees. She was still with the languor and inertness following violent weeping. Her face was pinched and her figure seemed shrunken and slighter in its contour than it did the day before.

She was very ignorant, but she knew that in God's sight she was as great a sinner as her father—greater even. He had taken the life of a stranger, and she had deliberately, through love of that stranger, betrayed her father to his pursuers; and as people who have committed a grievous sin will, she was racking her poor, dazed brain to find some means of amendment. All day, since old Hooker's departure just before dawn, she had tortured herself to devise some way of reaching him ere night; but no feasible plan presented itself.

She sat perfectly quiet for an hour after noon, then rose to her feet.

There was a less hopeless look on her face as she staggered to her room. A sensation of faintness possessed her, but she put on her bonnet and left the house.

The path to the gate through the papaw thicket, a long, cool vista, was quickly traversed and the road reached. She went southward to Poplar Flat.

The July day was overpowering in its heat; the sun's rays beat upon the earth with such fierceness that Crystaltina's feet burned painfully, although her shoes were thick. But she went on until she reached a house at the southern end of the town.

It was a neatly painted, white cottage with green blinds, and a front porch shaded by balsam and morning-glory vines.

Crystaltina entered the gate and approached the house. As she paused at the bottom step a woman who was sewing at the other end of the porch rose from her chair and asked:

"Who air thet?"

"Hit's me, Sue."

Crystaltina stood looking up at the tall, dark figure coming toward her.

"I'm glad hit's yer, fer I ware ergoin' ter yer house ter ast yer ter come en spen' erwhile with me; yer house hain't no place fer yer now."

"Oh, Sue! I got ter ast yer sump'n—I'm erbout crazed," Crystaltina exclaimed.

Sue drew her into the house and, taking her into her room, said:

"Set down in this cheer whils' I git yer sump'n ter eat; we done hed dinner."

She pushed Crystaltina down into a comfortable old chair and went out to get her something to eat. When she returned she bore a tray, containing food and milk, which she placed on a table beside her guest.

"I reckin yer air wore out, Crystaltina."

"Plum tired," Crystaltina acquiesced, greedily drinking a glass of milk.

She soon finished her lunch, and Sue asked:

"Whut yer want ter ast me?"

"Thar hain't no person to hear us?" Crystaltina queried.

Sue shook her head. She thought Crystaltina's grief for Dave must be terrible since her face showed such suffering.

"I want ter borry ther loand er yer hawse; will yer lemme hev her?"

"Yesh."

"Thank yer. I'll take good keer er her, en bring her back termorrer."

Crystaltina wiped her mouth on the cape of her sun-bonnet to avoid Sue's candid gaze.

"Yer mus' come en stay with me en paw," the latter said laconically.

A little anxiety showed itself in Crystaltina's pale hazel eyes, and she quickly asked:

"Whut'll yer paw say?"

"Nothin'. Yer know paw don't notice much sence maw died."

A tremor passed over Sue's mouth; but she thought of Dave's treachery to her at the time her mother died, and held herself in check.

"Thet's so; he do act like er plum idjit," Crystaltina declared.

Her listener winced.

"Don't say nothin' erbout Dave long's yer stay."

"Yer loved him, didn't yer?" Crystaltina exclaimed in surprise.

"Er long time ergo; I dispise him now."

Sue's scorn was supreme.

"He's daid—Dave's daid," Crystaltina wailed. "Don't hate him 'cause er me," she added, entreatingly.

"Thet don't make him no better. When I seen yer er-standin' by him yestiddy, I jist hated him," Sue said.

But Crystaltina iterated:

"Don't hate him. I don't keer fer nothin' 'cep'n he's daid en gonod; en I'll nuvver see him no mo'. Oh! he ware so good en han'some, Sue."

Sue stared at her in absolute wonderment. To the former's keen sense of honor there was nothing left to either of them but contempt for Dave.

"Crystaltina, yer air er fool."

"I hain't no fool; I loved Dave, en hit warn't my fault I ware pore, en he didn't keer erbout ma'yin' er pore girl. I don't blame him fer nothin' when he knowed how low down my paw ware. Sence my maw died, when I ware er lettle teeny creeter, I hain't hed no person ter love me but Dave."

All unconsciously she touched a chord in Sue's generous heart that gave out sweeter music than was called forth by mere pity.

With a blinding rush of tears the woman, whose mighty love Dave Gleason had abused, stooped and drew within the shelter of her tender arms the simple creature who had won his fickle fancy. As Crystaltina laid her head on Sue's bosom she sobbed piteously. Each thought of the man she had last seen with a pall of living red-gold over his coffin, and clung to one another as though impelled to such support by the same treachery. Sue softly kissed Crystaltina's cold, white cheek.

Lifting her head with a sigh the latter said:

"Saddle yer hawse soon's yer kin."

"What yer want with her?" Sue asked, thinking how unfit the girl looked for any exertion.

"Don't ast me, Sue," Crystaltina cried nervously. "I'd like ter tell yer," she lowered her voice, "for I feel erbout franzied."

Sue guessed the cause of her agitation, for Simp Barker had told her of his and Mose Tinney's nocturnal visit to Pete Hooper's.





"CRYSTALTINA'S BEEN WIL' SENCE SHE TOLE ON HER PAW."

"Is hit sump'n 'bout yer paw, Crystaltina?"

There was only a nod of the blond head in response.

"Yer air sorry yer tol' he'd be at Green's cabin ternight," Sue said, instantly comprehending the situation.

"I tell yer I'm franzied."

Sue went on:

"En yer want ter ride out ter ther lake 'fore ther men git thar?"

"Yer reckon I kin?" Crystaltina eagerly asked.

"Chil', chil', what made yer tell 'em?" Sue again threw her arms

around the girl's trembling little figure.

"They"—she hesitated and pressed Crystaltina's head close to her throbbing heart, "they taken Cap'n Holt's blood-hounds, them he keeps ter hunt his convicts when they git erway, ter scent yer paw."

"Lemme go, lemme go, Sue; yer hawse es ther fastest en ther bottom, en I'll git thar 'fore the she'ff's gang," the poor girl said in a shrill, agonized tone.



But Sue held her tightly clasped in her strong young arms.

"No, hit's two er'clock now, en by ther time yer git ter Green's hit'll be good dark. Ther she'iff en his gang started 'fore sun-up."

Crystaltina vacantly asked:

"Did Simp go?"

"No; but Mose's done went. Simp tol' me he would n't take no han' en runnin' er man down with ther blood-hounds. They laid off ter stop by Cap'n' Holt's et Yazoo Pass and git ther hounds."

"Oh! Sue."

Crystaltina shuddered, and sunk more heavily against Sue.

"Crystaltina!" the latter called, alarmed.

There was no response, and Sue saw that the swollen lids had closed over the hazel eyes. She gently laid the girl on the bed. A pitcher full of water was on the washstand; dipping a towel in it Sue wiped Crystaltina's face. In a few moments consciousness was restored to the poor worn brain.

Crystaltina endeavored to raise herself to a sitting posture, but fell back trembling with cold, although she said in weakest tones:

"I b'lieve I got er chill, Sue."

Sue quickly spread a blanket shawl over her.

"Yer air jest nervous; lay still en try ter sleep."

"I don't feel like hit. Hit seems like es ef I don't see nuthin' but them orful hounds," Crystaltina told her.

But from sheer weakness she was compelled to lie still, and presently she fell asleep.

The afternoon wore away. The horizon changed to clearest topaz in the west, through which the sun majestically sank—a scintillant, crimson sphere. A breeze sprang up. Purplish, gold-edged clouds like a great reredos, framed in precious metal, piled above the shimmering wall.

Crystaltina slept on.

The house was very quiet, and the street deserted. There was no one passing, but from the lower end of Poplar Flat there came a subdued murmur, mingled with the fierce baying of

hounds. Sue started from her place beside the bed where Crystaltina lay. She bent over the sleeper for a moment, then went noiselessly to the front gate. Her face was livid, and her eyes were filled with fear. Terrible as the shock of her lover's death had been, and the subsequent knowledge of his treachery, she hoped old Hooper had not been captured.

As she leaned over the gate and looked in the direction whence the sounds came, she saw Simp Barker riding toward her. He quickened his pace when he espied her, drawing rein so suddenly as he reached her that he made the pony rear on his haunches.

She asked abruptly:

"Did they git him?"

"No. I b'lieve he lied when he said he ware er-goin' ter Green's cabin," Simp answered, taking off his broad-brimmed, gray felt hat and fanning himself.

She sighed with relief.

"I'm mighty glad. Crystaltina's been wil' sence she tol' on her paw."

"Sue," he asked, "don't yer want Dave's murderer punisht?"

"Jest for takin' er life I reckon he ought ter be sent ter Jackson ter ther penitenshary, but I don't keer nuthin' erbout his punishment 'count er Dave," she responded.

"Air yer right sho', Sue?"

His plain face lighted up as he bent down to put his hand on her shoulder.

She laid her own hand on his, answering candidly:

"All ther feelin' I uvver felt fer Dave lef' me when Crystaltina tol' me he'd keered fer her, en would n't ma'y her 'cause she ware so pore. Er man whut'd give er gurl up whut he keered fer—I know now he nuvver keered fer me—ter ma'y ernuther fer her money hain't wuth no grief f'um nobody; but Crystaltina thinks diff'unt."

"Could n't yer keer er leetle fer me, Sue?" he asked, with the humility of truest love.

"I reckon hit wouldn't be er hard thing, Simp. When wimmen's learnt er lesson like I done they sets mo' sto' by er good man en by er han'some one. But Dave ware han'some, sho'."

"I don't blame no gurl fer lovin' him, Sue."

Simp generously ignored the slight put upon his own lack of good looks. Lifting his hand he passed it tenderly over her russet-flecked hair.

"Yer reckon' ol' Hooper's hidin' out 'roun' here?" she asked.

"Thain't sho'," he answered. "Don't let Crystaltina feel bad 'cause she tol'

me I jest could feel ther devil er clawin' me when yer tol' me them men hed went fer ther blood-hounds."

"He'll fergive yer, but yer mus' pray night en day, Crystaltina. Yer know parding don't come f'um Gawd en er minit nur er day; yer got ter pray long en hard." Sue's stern Methodism asserted itself uncompromisingly. But seeing that Crystaltina still wept she added



"I DON'T DESPISE DAVE NO MO'."

on her paw, fer they did n't ketch him; en I reckon he'll git off scot-free. But good-bye, es I mus' be er-goin'. I'll come ter-night ter see yer," he added tentatively.

"Come."

She watched him as he rode up the street, then she went into the house.

Crystaltina was awake; she asked in an eager tone as Sue entered the room:

"Who ware thet?"

"Simp Barker."

"Did they—ketch paw?"

"No; Simp reckins yer paw's went ernuther way en ther road ter Green's."

Crystaltina burst into weeping.

"Oh! I'm so glad. Sue, don't yer reckon Gawd'll fergive me fer bein' so wecked fer tellin' on paw? Ef them orful dawgs hed er cot him I'd er ben fitten ter burn en hell. Hit seems ter

gently: "Yer ware franzied 'count er Dave, en natchully yer hated yer paw."

But the girl wailed:

"I hated him fer true. I hain't sho' but I'd hate him if he ware here. My heart's er-breakin' 'cause he kilt Dave; thet's whut makes me so wecked."

"Ther prayers er ther weeked ervail mech, Crystaltina," Sue said, unqualifiedly.

Much as she pitied poor Crystaltina Sue was a little impatient with her that she did not lay her burden down to be taken up when she wrestled in prayer. Temporary comfort could be had now, so why not avail herself of it. Sue wondered at the lack of faith manifested by Crystaltina. But before the Scriptural quotation could be expounded by Sue some one slammed the gate and entered the little hall.

A quivering old voice called :

"Sue, whar yer at?"

"Whut's hit, Mis' Trotter?"

Sue rose from her place beside Crystaltina and stood in the doorway.

The afterglow had faded, and Mrs. Trotter could not see Crystaltina, as the room was dim with the increasing twilight.

"Sue," the old woman began, breathlessly, "Pete Hooper's drowned in Black Bayou—en—"

"Hesh, Crystaltina's here," Sue interrupted.

Crystaltina rose and tottered toward them. Steadying herself against a chair she asked :

"Who cot him?"

"They put Cap'n Holt's blood-hounds on his scent. Ther dawgs trackt him, yer paw, f'um yer house ter ther bayou; he'd tried ter cross on er lawg, but slipt en fell head fo'mos'. Tell yer whut, lawg-walkin's ticklish fer folks whut's kep' es full er whisky es yer paw, Crystaltina."

Mrs. Trotter told her story with brutal enjoyment. As she finished, Crystaltina sank to the floor with a cry that cut Sue to the heart.

But Mrs. Trotter heedlessly hurried away to carry her news elsewhere.

"He ware daid when they fount him, he ware daid," Sue insisted, kneeling beside the prostrate figure. "I reckon yer better go see yer paw," she added.

With a prophetic vision of a devil who meted out punishment in the depths of hell—a belief that was part and parcel of her religion—Crystaltina asked, as she clutched Sue's arm :

"Will I burn en tarment ef I don't go?"

"I hain't sho'."

"I'm er-goin' to Dave's grave fust, Sue."

She moved toward the door.

"I'll go, too," Sue told her, with a woman's natural revulsion of feeling for her murdered lover.

Hand-in-hand they passed out into the night to the little cemetery, where the yonquapins bloomed on the lake, and the leaves of the redbud trees rustled above the graves.

Beside Dave's new-made grave they knelt, and from Crystaltina's soul a petition for pardon went up to God. Some great, tender angel passed close to her, plainly visible to her spirit's eyes, and let her feel the assurance of divine mercy. As Sue heard her simple words she laid her cheek down on the dry earth forming that long mound and all the bitterness against Dave went from her heart.

"Ther Lord air good, Crystaltina. I don't despise Dave no mo'," she said, standing upright.

Crystaltina murmured in a low, solemn tone :

"I'll go see my paw now, fer ther Lord air tol' me He knowed I ware forgive when I ware fust sorry fer whut I done."

A breeze stirred the yonquapins that gleamed in the moonlight like silver. The leaves of the redbuds rustled softly, and the parched grass bent downward as the girls walked through it with gentlest tread to the creaking gate.





"He looked behind him, in hopes of seeing some one following."

## GALLOPING HOOF-BEATS.

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON, JR.

"**N**OW, Captain Penfield, as I understand him, does not believe in supernatural manifestations of any kind."

It was Colonel Outhwaite who spoke, and, considering that I had said nothing whatever regarding my own belief, his remark was rather an odd one. I called his attention to this fact, and I am afraid I did so in a tone that implied some annoyance, but the truth is that there was something so supercilious, so over-confident, about the

colonel's manner that one felt almost compelled at times to resent anything that he might say. It is but fair to add, however, that he seemed to realize this fault in himself and to struggle against it.

He was slightly disconcerted by what I said, and hastened to explain that he had been certain, somehow, that I had spoken in that way regarding supernatural manifestations.

"Odd, how I could have got the idea!"

"Yes, and there are a great many odd things in this world!" put in Major Starke. "Do we realize, for example, how odd it is that we should all have met up here on the summit of 'Lookout'?"

And it certainly was peculiar. We four veterans, Colonel Outhwaite and Lieutenant Gordon of the Northern army, and Major Starke and myself of the Southern, had met by chance in a parlor car of the Queen & Crescent railway, and as we had all seen active service, and as, more than this, we had all been participants in the battle of Missionary Ridge, we very soon became well acquainted with each other, and together went over the campaigns of over a quarter of a century ago.

At Chattanooga we had separated, as no two of us were going to the same hotel, and we had made no arrangements to meet again. Still, here we all were on the top of Lookout mountain. Two of us had gone up by the cable; two by the pleasanter narrow-gauge, and it was certainly strange that we should have met.

Outhwaite laughed rather disagreeably. "It's only an ordinary coincidence. To judge these matters fairly we should take into consideration the many times and the many places that we *did n't* meet."

"I don't know about that," said the major, slowly. "For my own part I think that a good many things happen that are a good deal more than coincidences."

"Or if they are nothing but coincidences they are at least remarkable ones," observed Lieutenant Gordon.

The colonel only shook his head, and smiled an aggravating smile.

"Do you really mean to say," demanded Starke, with grave deliberation, "that you can see nothing peculiar about our having all been together at Chattanooga so many years ago, our meeting on the train, and our now meeting again up here?"

"Seriously, I can see nothing very peculiar about it. In the first place you must consider that, so far as we know, none of us met near here in the war time. Had we done so it is ex-

tremely unlikely that we should all be together here now. But suppose we get Captain Penfield's opinion. I was wrong in putting words into his mouth a few minutes ago, and I should really like to know what he thinks."

They all looked at me and waited, yet I felt a strange disinclination to speak. In truth, ever since reaching the summit of the mountain my mind had been busy with thoughts of the strange story of my friend, Captain Barnesville Gregory. I had never been on the mountain since the day I stood there with him, when we together looked off over the magnificent view, and gazed at the glowing splendors of earth and sky; and it almost angered me to be urged to tell what I thought, for to do so I should have to tell the story of his death. I reflected, however, that Colonel Outhwaite could by no possibility know of this, and that his persistency was but another strange coincidence. Abruptly, I began the story:

"After the battle of Missionary Ridge our regiment got itself into pretty good shape again near Dalton, and then we had a rather busy time of it. We were cavalry, and supplies for the army were terribly scarce, and that meant that we were to keep steadily at work foraging. Our company was called upon to do its full share. An old friend of mine, Barnesville Gregory, was captain, and I was at that time lieutenant. One night he came into my tent, seeming rather solemn.

"'Penfield,' he said, 'there is something that troubles me.'

"I thought that perhaps he had had some premonition of approaching death, and was prepared to receive his last messages—you know such premonitions were not at all uncommon."

"No," put in Major Starke, gravely, "they were, as you say, not at all uncommon. I remember an officer—but I beg your pardon, I did n't mean to interrupt."

"But think of the many premonitions that did n't premonish anything," muttered the colonel, under his breath.

I went on with my story: "He told me, much to my amazement, that frequently, when riding alone at night,

he heard behind him the sound of galloping hoofs. He had tried to believe that it was echo or that it was fancy, but he could not. It had happened on so many different roads, and on moonlight nights as well as dark ones, that he could not explain the mystery. He had frequently, in the bright moonlight, looked behind him in hopes of seeing some one following, but there never was anybody to be seen. I was

sounds too he ought to realize that it was all his fancy, but of course that did not convince him in the least."

"No," said Starke. "Of course you could n't well expect it to. There are often sounds and signs for one person that are unseen and unheard by any other."

"But," I said, "there was one night when I actually heard the sounds myself." I paused, for somehow I felt a



"WE HAD ALL BEEN IN THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE."

inclined to make light of the matter at first, and tried to convince him that it was a morbid fancy, but I soon saw that it had taken too strong a hold of him for that. Then I began to fear that he was getting into the first stages of a fever."

"Was it only when he was alone that he heard the sounds?" asked Major Starke.

"At first, yes, and for some time after he spoke to me about it. I used to tell him that if I could n't hear the

strong dislike to go on with the story. The image of my dead friend came into my memory, I thought of his sad end.

"And you actually heard it yourself!" exclaimed Starke.

"That was certainly very peculiar, indeed," remarked Lieutenant Gordon.

"I presume," said the colonel slowly, "that Captain Penfield is now about to give us a rational explanation of the entire mystery."

I felt annoyed. I could n't help it.



"No," I said. "I'm not going to attempt any explanation, rational or otherwise. I can only tell what happened."

"It was only once that I heard the sounds, but the circumstances were rather peculiar. It was quite a while after Captain Gregory first spoke of the subject, and we were encamped in the neighborhood of Cartersville. He had a great fancy for going on scouting trips alone, or accompanied only by myself, and one evening we were returning toward camp just after dark. We were coming in from the direction of those great mounds near there—the famous Hightower group, you know—when suddenly Gregory turned about in his saddle."

"Listen!" he exclaimed.

"I listened. And I am not ashamed to confess that I felt rather queer. For behind us came the regular beat of galloping hoofs!"

"But you turned back and made an investigation, I suppose," interrupted Outhwaite.

"We turned instantly and galloped back. We met no one. Perhaps you will smile at what I am about to add, but the fact is that those hoof-beats were still behind us although we had changed direction!"

No one spoke. Starke, I could see, was strongly impressed, but I fancied that Outhwaite was restrained only by politeness from openly scoffing.

"After that, of course, I could not argue the matter with my friend. I never heard the sounds again, but he, although he seldom spoke of the matter, heard them frequently."

"And did all this make him any the worse soldier?" inquired Lieutenant Gordon.

"No. He was just as careful, and just as brave, as he had ever been. If there was any difference at all it was in making him even more conscientiously painstaking in the performance of his duties."

"Well, things went along that way until we were all gathered in the defenses about Atlanta. While we were there Captain Gregory fell in love."

Lieutenant Gordon smiled. "I hope



"SHE WAS A REMARKABLE GIRL."

that acted as a counter-irritant," he said.

"No. It did n't seem to. In fact, he began to be troubled by those hoof-beats more than ever. And they made him nervous, too."

"What right have I to think of marrying?" he burst out, one night. "How can I honorably ask any woman to be my wife as long as I am haunted by this ghostly something wherever I go?"

"Of course, I quieted him as best I could, and told him that as he had done nothing to deserve such haunting visitations, and was in no way responsible for them, he should not allow them to have any weight whatever in such an important question as the choice of a wife. Well, he grew calmer, and as a result of my arguments he went off that same night to call upon her. When he returned he was more agitated than I had ever before seen him. He told me that the hoof-beats had followed him the entire distance between the camp and her home, both going and coming. He said very little about it, but I could see that the long strain was at last beginning to seriously tell upon him."

"She was a remarkable girl—the one that he had fallen in love with. Her



"SHE TOLD HIM AS GENTLY AS SHE COULD."

father was in a high position in the civil service at Richmond, and had sent her to live with an aunt at Atlanta. The home was a large, old-fashioned mansion, in the suburbs of the city, and Gregory often found an opportunity to gallop over there. Once in a while I went with him, and found the young lady to be quite as fascinating as he had pictured her. I could n't quite like her, though, but of course it was not at all necessary that I should."

"Now *that* is something," observed Outhwaite—"that picking out of this or that man or woman to fall in love with—that has in it plenty of the marvelous. It is little short of the miraculous that most people are fallen in love with at all. And I suppose that's about the way you felt regarding the lady-love of your friend."

It was peculiar, how Outhwaite kept saying just those things that angered me. To this last remark I replied rather coldly:

"I really cannot say that she was quite as bad as that. She was well-educated, bright, rather good-looking, and decidedly fascinating. It was only that Gregory was himself of a very superior type, and that she did not seem to be his equal."

"Well, you will remember that it took you Northern gentlemen quite a while to get us away from Atlanta, and in that time, besides a great deal of fighting, my friend found time to see a good deal of the young lady. He told me one day, rather excitedly, that the hoof-beats, that at first had followed him only intermittently, now came after him every time that he visited her home. He was convinced that some evil spirit was the cause of them—so still more excitedly he told me—and he added some wild words about wishing that he could meet it face to face."

"And don't evil spirits appear when you call upon them?" he exclaimed.

"This was carrying the matter altogether too far, and I plainly told him so, warning him, too, that most serious results might follow unless he could maintain better control of himself. He was silent for a while. Then he seized my hand and gave it a hearty grip."

"You're right, Penfield. I must do something to settle this. I'll propose to her to-morrow night."

Lieutenant Gordon smiled. "That was scarcely the kind of quieting that you expected."

"It was an eminently practical way out of his difficulties," added Outhwaite, with an intonation that I thought betrayed polite scorn.

"He did n't propose on the following evening, nor indeed until several days afterward, for Sherman happened to keep us very particularly busy just at that time, but as soon as he could he went to her home on that errand. He told me when he left that he was finally going to settle his fate, and he looked grave as he added that he had an impression that his rival had been more successful than himself."

"So there was a rival?" said Lieutenant Gordon.

"Yes. Did n't I tell you about him? That's odd. Well, this rival was the colonel of an Alabama regiment,—a great, tall, overbearing sort of man,—six feet two in his stocking feet, and stout in proportion. I met him but once at her home, but saw him frequently on duty. He was more of a bully than a soldier, as I thought, but however that was, she had a great liking for him. I could easily see that on the one occasion that I happened to meet them together. As Colonel Outhwaite has remarked, there is no accounting for taste in such matters."

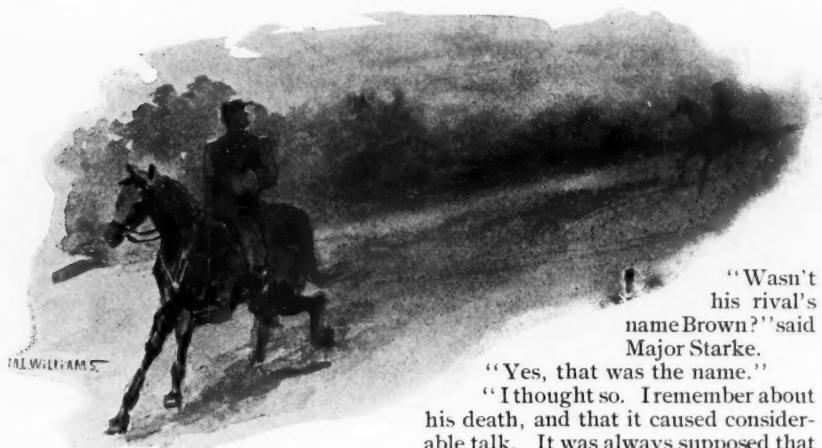
The colonel smiled. Lieutenant Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "I am not married even yet," he said. Only Major Starke seemed closely intent on hearing the conclusion of the story, and he appeared to be annoyed at such interruptions. For my own part I was very far from being in a jesting mood, yet I welcomed anything that kept me from getting to the end of my narrative. Poor Gregory! How plainly it all came back to me!

"I suppose the Alabama man was the favorite," observed Outhwaite.

"Yes. He had been there, since Gregory's last visit, and had proposed and been accepted. She told Gregory, as kindly as she could, for she must

have seen that it was a serious case with him, and after a very brief interview he took his leave. (He told me everything, fully, when he got back.)

in the very highest terms, and he was therefore allowed to keep his captaincy, although sternly warned that he must thoroughly control himself in future."



JALWILLIAMS

"HE COULD MAKE OUT A PHANTOM FIGURE IN THE GLOOM."

He mounted his horse and galloped off. Almost from the first moment he noticed those hoof-beats, and, as if they had some connection with his bitter disappointment, they were louder and plainer than they had ever been before. Gregory looked behind him. It was a dark night, yet he fancied that he could make out a phantom figure in the gloom. He fired. And the Alabama colonel fell dead from his saddle!"

Lieutenant Gordon was the first who spoke.

"It was only natural, after all, that the long strain on his nerves should have resulted in some such way. It was most unfortunate, though, that the man he shot should have been a successful rival. Was he court-martialed?"

"No. The affair had a very unpleasant look, of course, but there was no public notice taken of it. Hood needed every man he could get, just at that time, and so, as Gregory frankly and fully told all about the entire matter, and as I was fortunately able to corroborate most of what he said, the shooting was passed over after a rigid private examination. Our colonel spoke of Gregory

"Wasn't his rival's name Brown?" said Major Starke.

"Yes, that was the name."

"I thought so. I remember about his death, and that it caused considerable talk. It was always supposed that there was some mystery about it."

"But don't you see," put in Outhwaite, "that if there had been anything of the supernatural about those hoof-beats they would have meant ill to Gregory himself, and not to his rival? To me, that is sufficient to show that the whole thing was fancy."

"It seems to me," said Gordon, quietly, "that to kill a man, under such circumstances as Captain Gregory did, is almost as much of a misfortune as to be shot one's self."

"And, too, you must remember that Captain Penfield once heard the hoof-beats himself," said Starke.

"I had for the moment forgotten that point, and I beg Captain Penfield's pardon for speaking so carelessly of what he, as well as his friend, heard."

But again I fancied that I discerned a distinctly mocking tone in what he said.

I went on hurriedly. "About two weeks after all this happened I was out with Gregory one night, on important duty. My mind was so full of what we were trying to do that I did not notice that we had turned our horses into the very road upon which the tragedy had occurred. I only realized it when, in reply to some observation, Gregory

answered in a strongly agitated voice. We two were alone. There was an intensely bright moonlight. Suddenly there swung into the road, but a short distance in front of us, a Federal officer. We called to him to surrender, but he only replied with a mocking laugh and a well-aimed shot. Gregory gasped, and reeled. I fired in return and galloped after the Federal, who, knowing that he was within limits that were constantly patrolled by our men, put spurs to his horse and dashed away. He was splendidly mounted, and I very soon realized the uselessness of pursuit and returned to my friend. On the very spot where his rival had fallen, there poor Gregory lay. He was dead."

Major Starke drew a long breath.

"It is strange to have to realize how little we understand of such matters, and how little we can attempt to explain them."

"That is certainly a succession of remarkable happenings," said Lieutenant Gordon; "very remarkable indeed. I think that even Colonel Outhwaite must now admit at least that much."

Outhwaite, however, did not reply. He was looking off thoughtfully over the Tennessee valley, and did not seem to hear what Gordon said. A heavy mist was rising from the river. Masses of rolling gray were creeping over Missionary Ridge.

"Reminds me of the smoke of the battle," observed Gordon.

A heavy fold of mist-cloud was climbing up the rocky precipices of Lookout toward where we sat.

Starke moved uneasily.

"Do you know, that story queerly affects me? You will think me absurdly foolish, but I somehow feel as if there is more to it than any of us suspect."

"There is something more," said Outhwaite slowly.

We all looked at him curiously.

"I have, as you noticed, been almost a scoffer ever since Captain Penfield began, and so it is only right that I should tell him that the shot he fired at the man who killed his friend was not mis-aimed. It is still somewhere in my shoulder."

There was dead silence. The mist crept up the mountain, higher and higher. Far off a storm was brewing, and a flash of lightning lit up the dark folds of a heavy cloud that hung over the Raccoon mountains.

"I wonder if I ever happened to meet the young lady," remarked Gordon, at length, in an effort to relieve the strain. "I was at Atlanta for quite a while, after the surrender; but I suppose that she must have gone farther south before that."

"Her name was Lucy Hayden. I have often wondered what became of her afterwards."

"She is my wife," said Outhwaite.



## PANICS AND THEIR CAUSES.

BY J. F. BULLITT, JR.

NOT long since a friend of mine handed me a little book entitled "Benner's Prophecies," saying that it was the *vade mecum* of many business men of his section (Pennsylvania), and advised me to read it if I wished to know "when the times will begin to improve." Out of respect for my friend, who is a man of great business sagacity and ability, though with ill-concealed incredulity, I took the book, promising to read it. I became so much interested in the first few pages that I finished it at one sitting, and have since re-read and studied its pages carefully.

It was written in 1875, with addenda in 1884, but not published until 1888. The author takes the four great staples, pig iron, corn, hogs, and cotton, and predicts their yearly average relative prices from 1876 to the end of the century. That is, he does not attempt to give their absolute prices, but says that the average price of pig iron will be lower in 1877 than in 1876, higher in 1878 than in 1877, and higher in 1879 than in 1878, etc., etc. Unlike most prophets, Mr. Benner not only makes his predictions, but gives his *method* of prophecies and the data upon which they are based, and it was this which caught and chained my attention. "History repeats itself" is his motto. He takes the statistics of the prices of each of the commodities named for years past, and from these

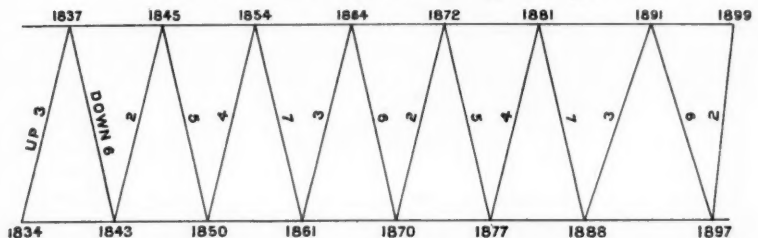
gets the *cycles* of "ups and downs" in yearly average prices, and then confidently predicts the future.

Thus, the "yearly average prices in Philadelphia of No. 1 anthracite foundry pig iron from 1844 to 1874, as compiled from the American Iron and Steel Association," were as follows:

1844.....	25 $\frac{3}{4}$	1845.....	29 $\frac{1}{4}$
1846.....	27 $\frac{7}{8}$	1847.....	30 $\frac{1}{4}$
1848.....	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	1849.....	22 $\frac{3}{4}$
1850.....	20 $\frac{7}{8}$	1851.....	21 $\frac{3}{8}$
1852.....	22 $\frac{3}{8}$	1853.....	36 $\frac{1}{8}$
1854.....	36 $\frac{7}{8}$	1855.....	27 $\frac{3}{4}$
1856.....	27 $\frac{1}{8}$	1857.....	26 $\frac{3}{8}$
1858.....	22 $\frac{1}{4}$	1859.....	23 $\frac{3}{8}$
1860.....	22 $\frac{3}{4}$	1861.....	20 $\frac{1}{4}$
1862.....	23 $\frac{7}{8}$	1863.....	35 $\frac{1}{4}$
1864.....	59 $\frac{1}{4}$	1865.....	46 $\frac{1}{8}$
1866.....	46 $\frac{7}{8}$	1867.....	44 $\frac{1}{8}$
1868.....	39 $\frac{1}{4}$	1869.....	40 $\frac{3}{8}$
1870.....	33 $\frac{1}{4}$	1871.....	35 $\frac{1}{8}$
1872.....	48 $\frac{7}{8}$	1873.....	42 $\frac{3}{4}$

It will be seen that, commencing say in 1845, which was a high-price year, prices declined for five years, then rose for four years, declined for seven years, rose for three years, declined for six years, rose for two years, up to 1872, and then declined, and as the author shows at another place, continued to decline for five years. From these facts the author deduces the conclusion that prices of pig iron move in cycles of twenty-seven years—down five, up four, down seven, up three, down six, up two, and then repeat. To present this idea more clearly he gives the following diagram:

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE "UPS AND DOWNS" OF PIG IRON FROM 1834 TO 1875, IN ACCORDANCE WITH ACTUAL STATISTICS AND BENNER'S PREDICTIONS AS TO PRICES FROM 1875 TO 1899.





In like manner he shows that the cycles in the prices of hogs are eleven years. Thus: down three, up three, down three, and up three, and repeat. His statistics showing this are compiled from the *Cincinnati Price Current*. He also claims that corn and hogs move together, having the same "ups and downs," and he gives figures showing this but does not give his authority for these figures.

But Mr. Benner does not confine himself to these prosaic subjects. On page 107 occurs this language: "After the year 1888, the price of pig iron will advance, all business will be prosperous, corn and hogs will be on the advance, agriculture and manufacture will be active, all trades and industries will make money up to the year 1891, when we predict a panic which will not be confined to the United States, or this continent, but will sweep over the world like the panics of 1819 and 1857, and will be felt with equal severity in other countries."

How far did he miss it? Shall we say two years? This is a matter of opinion, for some contend that the panic of 1893 began with the failure of the Baring Brothers, in November, 1890, but was stayed by the clearing-house certificate system; and that the panic of 1893 was but the culmination of what began over two years before.

Benner's prediction that a panic would occur in 1819 was also based upon his cycle theory. Thus, we had similar panics in 1819, 1837, 1857, and 1873, eighteen, twenty, and sixteen years apart respectively. From this he concludes that the panic cycles are of fifty-four years—eighteen years, twenty years and sixteen years and then repeat, and hence he concluded that another panic would occur in 1891, eighteen years after 1873. In order to support and verify this theory, it is necessary to show that the predicted occurrences take place *exactly* on time. One failure is sufficient to knock the theory into a cocked hat, or, at least, to show that the prophet has not caught the correct cycle.

But as I do not believe in the cycle theory, and think that its fallacy can

be easily shown *a priori*, I will not consume time in an effort to solve the question as to whether the panic of 1893 began in 1890, or in 1891, or later.

What I contend is *that there is a periodicity in the rise and fall in the price of commodities, and in the occurrence of panics.*

Observe the difference: Benner contends that panics move in cycles of fifty-four years, eighteen, twenty, and sixteen years apart. I contend that they occur in *periods of about* from sixteen to twenty years apart. According to his theory hogs, after a three-years' decline, *must* in the fourth year rise in price, although the corn crop for that year may be larger than ever before known. I contend that the *tendency* in the fourth year would be toward a rise, but that this may be *for a time* prevented or retarded by a large corn crop or by other circumstances; and so likewise with panics. After about sixteen years from a former panic, I contend that the conditions are such that another may at any time be expected; that it may be postponed by circumstances, but that, until our natures and methods of business are materially changed, it cannot be prevented; and that, as our natures and methods of business cannot be changed in the twinkling of an eye, we may expect panics for years and years to come, every sixteen to twenty years apart.

If we can establish periodicity in the prices of commodities and in panics, we shall have taken a long step in solving the problem of the cause of panics. Benner's figures, extending over periods of from forty to fifty years, are sufficient to convince us of periodicity in prices of commodities, or at least, they are very persuasive. But how about panics? He gives us but five instances. Are these sufficient?

A savage knows, or believes he knows, that the sun will rise to-morrow, although he has no conception of the reason for its rising. But he has seen it rise all his life. If he had seen it rise but five times, we would doubtless find him looking for it on the sixth morning with doubt and anxiety. But if the reason for its rising were explained

to him, then five examples would be as convincing as five thousand. So with us in respect to panics.

If we can find a reason for their periodic occurrence, the few instances we have had will convince us that "history will repeat itself," so long as the reason continues to operate. And now, for the time assuming the fact, let us inquire the reason. Benner himself does not attempt to give a reason for his facts; indeed, in one place he expressly denies having formulated any theory whatever concerning the matter, although on another page he intimates that the subject is in some way connected with the cycles of the heavenly bodies, but *how* he does not explain. Practical men will naturally look for some more tangible explanation, and I think it not difficult to find.

Let us first inquire into the cause of the periodicity in prices of commodities.

Hogs rise in price for two or three years, and then fall for two or three years. Why? Men are imitative; but few think for themselves. A, B, and C sell their hogs this year, say, for a good price. Immediately their neighbors decide to go into the hog business, and begin to purchase stock hogs for next season. But stock hogs are scarce, the high prices having induced farmers to part with more than usual for the fall market. Newcomers must take what they can get, and few can get aught but pigs. These begin to breed in the following spring or summer, but their increase are too small for the spring market of 1894. By the fall of 1895, however, there is an abundant supply, greater than the demand, and down go prices. The pork market is glutted and much of the manufactured article is saved over until 1896, and the farmers having anticipated high prices for 1895 and the future have kept back a large number of stock hogs. These and their increase, and the surplus pork saved over from 1895, make the supply in 1896 also greater than the demand, and low prices are the result for 1896, and perhaps the same thing follows in 1897; but by 1898 the surplus pork of 1895 is exhausted, and many farmers having become disgusted

and quit the business and others having failed, the supply of hogs is short, and up go prices again, and so on and on *ad infinitum*.

But why do prices in iron fall for from five to seven years and then rise for from two to four years? Because the manufacture of iron is a business requiring a large capital—from \$200,000 to \$500,000 for each furnace; and when men start into this business they cannot "blow out" and quit operations without heavy loss. When iron goes up, it is a bonanza for those with a supply on hand or then in process of production. Immediately the old furnaces which have failed and "blown out" are put in blast, generally by new companies organized for the purpose, and the erection also of new furnaces is begun. The companies organized to operate old furnaces get speedily to work, and in from two to three years the new furnaces are completed and in full blast. Over-production is of course the result and down go prices.

But, as I said before, the furnace companies cannot stop operations without heavy loss. A furnace is good for nothing except to make iron. If they stop making this, they lose interest on their investment, and their officers and employees are thrown out of work. Consequently they run on, hoping for a change. Thus they continue for one, two, or three years or longer, according to the strength of the company. But the weaker companies fail sooner or later; and, in the course of from five to seven years, the supply is again below the demand, and prices rise as before.

Without going further into details, I think that we can safely conclude that the length of the periods of the "ups and downs" in prices of any commodity depends upon these three elements, subject of course to accidental or extraordinary influence, viz: First, the length of time it requires to get an increased product on the market; second, whether the nature of the business is such as to permit "closing down" without serious loss; and third, whether or not the product can be kept over, that is, whether of a perishable nature or not, though, as to the effect of this

last element the limits of this article prevent elucidation.

We are now prepared to intelligently seek the cause or causes of periodicity in panics. Action is equal to re-action. After a panic men are as timid as they were bold; there is as great lack of confidence as there was over-confidence before it occurred. Hence, a large amount of capital, usually available, is hidden away and allowed to lie idle. Again, a panic results in many failures, and endless complications, the greater number of which have to be unravelled and settled up in courts. Such litigation usually lasts several years, and perhaps it would be safe to say that such suits on an average require four or five years for final settlement. In the meantime the capital in controversy, or a large part of it, is tied up. These things, combined with another which I shall call attention to later on, and which is, in my judgment, the most important of all, produce a scarcity of capital, and the result is that for some years after a panic it is difficult for a community to do more than make ends meet, and men are fortunate if they can obtain the necessities of life. This state of things continues for four or five years, and these are inhospitable times for "booms" or wild-cat schemes of any sort—men who are craving bread have no stomach for town-lots. Borrowers find it difficult to get accommodations and cannot get them at all except for the most conservative enterprises, which, broadly speaking, mean enterprises for the supply of the necessities of life. In four or five years, however, capitalists begin to lose their timidity, and held-up capital as well as tied-up capital again seeks the market. Business begins to look up (I mean legitimate business as distinguished from speculative schemes) and continues to flourish for four or five years, growing more and more active all the while, until about the eighth or tenth year after the panic, when it usually receives a set back by reason of the "downs" in some one or more great industries, such as iron for instance. But from these semi-panics, such as we had in 1864 and 1884, the country soon

recovers, and in two or three years affairs move on as if there had been no break. But by this time, which is twelve or thirteen years after a great panic, men have begun to accumulate a surplus, more than they require in their business, and more than they require for the necessities and ordinary comforts of life. What will they do with it? Some spend it for the luxuries of life, fine houses, horses, liveries, furniture, paintings, etc., but with others, perhaps the majority, the greed for gain prevails, the "itching palm" o'er masters discretion. Not satisfied with the slow but sure profits of honest toil, they hope to compass fortune in one lucky pass, to become millionaires in a twelvemonth. Ah! now is the time for the boomer, now for the schemer and speculator, though he be never so wild. Companies are formed for the purchase of iron lands, coal lands, gold and silver mines, natural gas and oil wells and other "bonanzas" without number. With these go schemes for building new railroads for their development, and ere the railroads are half complete, town-sites are selected here and there, and miles and miles of native forest, broom-sedge and prairie grass, laid off into corner lots. These are put upon the market, with but few purchases at first; but now begins the work of the town company, the improvement company (the forerunner of disaster). Streets are graded, hills leveled away, hotels erected, water-works and electric-light plants started, street-car lines projected, and the foundation laid for all the appointments of a great and flourishing city.

Suckers bite early, but the more sagacious jeer and scoff and hold fast their shekels. But now the pace has become fast and furious. Lots are going up ten, fifteen, twenty per cent. weekly. The veriest fools have made fortunes. The jeerers and scoffers have caught the fever, and they too enter the field. But this thing must cease; it cannot go on forever. Despite the theory that the value of an article is what it will sell for, men begin to realize that a lot upon which the jack-rabbit gambols by day, or over which the owl hoots by

night, cannot be worth as much per front foot as Broadway property in New York. And so, ere long, there comes a time when the buyers cease buying and the sellers all want to sell. But mark, there is as yet no panic. The boom "has busted," but the holders hold on, refusing to take less than they gave, vainly hoping for the boom's return. Everybody owes everybody else and all owe the banks. Yet no suits are brought, no one is forced to the wall. Money is still plentiful and can be had on the most worthless security, for the bankers have not escaped the fever.

Now, when the *whole* country has reached this condition the fuel is ready prepared for the flame: we are on the verge of another panic, and the failure of one great firm or corporation may start it at any moment, and I assert that the whole country does reach this condition in from sixteen to twenty years after a former panic. And the reason is that human nature is very much the same now that it was twenty, fifty, and one hundred years ago; that the panic of 1873 made timid, relatively, the same number of people as did the panic of 1857; that the relative numbers of people who began crawling out of their shells in one, two, three years, etc., respectively, after the panic of 1873 were equal on the average to those who did likewise in one, two, three years, etc., after the panic of 1857; that, relatively, the same number of people remained in, or got back into, legitimate business in the same time after 1873 as after 1857; that, relatively, the same number began speculating in the same time after the one as after the other date; and that like causes must produce like effects.

"But," say those who believe that the Sherman bill or McKinley bill, or the election of Grover Cleveland, produced the panic of 1893, "how do you explain the fact that the boom at Birmingham began in about 1880 and culminated in 1887, and that likewise the boom in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Kansas City and other Western towns began some years ago and culminated in about 1886 or 1887—why did not the panic then occur? Moreover, there

was no panic until 1893 in these cities themselves. They had reached the condition you describe. How did they escape? Again, speculation in these cities began in a few years after 1873. How does this fact consist with your contention that the 'speculative era' does not begin until twelve or thirteen years after a panic? Finally, the cities referred to had had five or six years to recover from their booms, and yet we know that the panic of 1893 affected them as much, if not more, than other places. How is this?" Pertinent inquiries these. The answer will make my position clear. I admit that "*speculation*" may begin in a few *particularly favored places* a very short time after a panic, but it does not become *general* all over the country until many years after. In St. Paul and many other cities in the West the boom culminated in 1886 or 1887, but no panic followed, because times were good in the East and throughout the country generally, and local banks had no trouble in rediscounting paper, and debtors, therefore, no trouble in borrowing from local banks, etc. But the cities referred to had not, in 1893, recovered from their booms. *They had not liquidated.* Those who had bought property, or made "improvements," still held the same and still owed for them, not the original creditors, perhaps, but others. "Kiting" is an easy thing in flush times. Those cities reached the condition I have described in 1887, and *remained in that condition until 1893.* The speculative era began in Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, the Carolinas and throughout the South generally (save the Birmingham district), in about 1887 and culminated in 1890 or 1891; that is, speculation then ceased, but liquidation did not begin until the present year. In 1889 or 1890 the fever spread through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and even to the conservative North and East, and land agents reaped a rich harvest from suburban property in the slowest and most conservative cities.

In 1890 the conditions were not quite ripe for a general panic; if they had been the Baring Brothers failure would have precipitated it. The North and

East and Northern Central States were still sound, or comparatively so. But in 1893 the whole country was diseased, and the diminished gold reserve was a sufficient spark to kindle the flame. The diminution of this reserve was unquestionably caused by the Sherman bill (act); but will we therefore say that the Sherman bill caused the panic? Bosh! It may have been the "last feather that broke the camel's back," but nothing more.

I have described the condition which precedes a panic, and have attempted to show that as long as human nature and knowledge remain as now this condition will, of necessity, be reached every sixteen to twenty years after a panic. Let us now see *why* a panic, sooner or later, is sure to follow this condition. Even when the whole country has reached the point indicated, why cannot people continue to "kite" as before?

Many answer "because of a lack of confidence." It is estimated that ninety-four and one-half per cent. of all business transactions are carried on through the instrumentality of the credit system, by means of drafts, notes, checks, book accounts, etc., actual money being used only for about five and one-half per cent. thereof. When confidence is lost this credit is refused, and of necessity a panic follows. But here the lack-of-confidence theorists stop and imagine that they have solved the whole problem. They remind one of an ignorant doctor who, when asked the cause of his patient's death, answers, "heart failure." What we want to know is the cause of the heart failure, and so here we want to know the cause of "lack of confidence." Many people imagine that it comes without cause, and others attribute it now to one cause and again to another, and many will be found assigning wholly repugnant causes. Thus, President Cleveland and many other able statesmen seem to believe that the lack of confidence which produced the panic of 1893 was caused wholly by the Sherman act, while Stewart, Teller, and their followers are firmly convinced that it was caused by the demonetization of silver in 1873, and the threatened re-

peal of the Sherman act. Many tariff-for-revenue-only democrats believe that it was caused by the McKinley act, and McKinley and his followers are just as certain that the trouble came from the proposed repeal of that act. If we will but consider the fact that the panic of 1857 followed eleven years after the "Walker Tariff" of 1846, which was the nearest approach to a revenue tariff we have ever had, and that the panic of 1873 followed twelve years after the "Morrill Tariff," which was the most protective in history up to that date, we will begin to doubt the efficacy of either free trade or protection to either produce or prevent panics. So also we find free silver in 1837 and 1857, and the gold standard only in 1873 and 1893. Unless, therefore, like causes produce opposite effects, or the same effects can be produced by opposite causes, we cannot attribute the panic of 1893, or any of the others, to silver legislature.

Let us search then for some *cause* for this "lack of confidence" which existed prior to and concurrently with all the panics in the United States.

As I have before stated, there goes hand and hand with speculation in real estate, mining properties, oil and gas wells, town-lots, etc., an enormous outlay in the way of building railroads, water-works, electric-light plants, hotels, stores, grading streets, etc. Now this outlay is always far in excess of actual needs. If any one doubts this proposition let him visit any of the so-called boom towns, and judge for himself; or if time be precious, let him board the Norfolk & Western train at Bristol, Tennessee, and travel thereon to Hagerstown, Maryland. Truly the scene along that line (and it is but a sample of a dozen others I might name) will make him sigh for the folly of man. Town after town, or rather field after field, laid off for squares and miles around some court-house or cross-roads store, into streets, alleys, and lots; many of the streets graded for miles, some macadamized with cut-stone curbings and paved sidewalks; railroad lines and electric street-car tracks; hotels that would do credit to New York city, and



hundreds of stores and private dwellings of modern style and beautiful architecture. But where is the need of these? Of what use are they now? The streets and alleys have grown up in grass and weeds, the street-car tracks are rusty from disuse, the hotels in many cases have been wholly abandoned, and, where still being run, one page of the register lasts a week, store after store and house after house vacated, given up to the bat and owl. And the people—where is the busy throng of excited men who were there three years ago? Gone—returned, most of them, to their former homes, and now every day seems like Sunday, so quiet have these towns become. Truly, the sight makes one's heart sick.

It is difficult to form any idea of the amount of these useless expenditures, but judging from the cost of certain railroads in Virginia, and from the amounts expended in certain towns in that state with which the writer is personally familiar, it is safe to say that the amount expended in Virginia alone between 1887 and 1891 in dead enterprises, that is, enterprises which have either been wholly abandoned or are now being run at a loss, or for which neither the public nor any one else has any present use, would amount to thirty or forty millions. If in the other states of the Union there was expended half as much as the minimum estimate for Virginia, we would have a grand total of nearly seven hundred million dollars. *Now this amount of capital had as well been thrown into the bottom of the sea, so far as present economic purposes are concerned.* But some will say, "How is this? Was not the money paid out to laborers and contractors, and did not the gain of the latter equal the loss of the capitalists? Did not those transactions amount merely to a shifting of ownership, and were not the people generally as well off not better off than before?" This is a vulgar fallacy, but it is so common that it demands answer.

Let us suppose a community of, say one hundred and ten men, and that this community constituted the world. Suppose that ten of them are capital-

ists, each having one thousand gold dollars, four thousand dollars' worth of horses, wagons, and other personal property, and five thousand dollars' worth of real estate, making ten thousand dollars of capital for each, or one hundred thousand dollars for the whole community, and the remaining one hundred men are laborers. Suppose that by the employment of all the capital in the production of food, clothing, and other necessities of life, and by the diligent labor of all the one hundred workmen in such industries, the community is barely able to subsist, barely able to provide the necessities of life. Now, suppose that five of these capitalists conclude to withdraw their money from food enterprises, etc., and expend it cutting down one hill and making of the debris another of like size, shape, etc. They put fifty of the laborers to work at this enterprise, paying them a dollar a day for their services. They work three hundred days in the year. They also use in this work all the horses, wagons, carts, and other personal property of these five capitalists, formerly used in agriculture. Let us assume that their horses, wagons, etc., are good for eight years of work only. At the end of the first year, how does the community stand? The five capitalists have paid out fifteen thousand dollars in cash, all the money they had to start on, and five thousand dollars more. This extra five thousand dollars they have raised by selling parts of their real estate to the fifty laborers. These five capitalists have also expended one-eighth of their personal property; that is, five hundred dollars each, or twenty-five hundred dollars in all, in wear and tear. Their loss then has been in all seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. How about the laborers? At first blush it would seem that they are as well off as if they had been working at their old agricultural pursuits. They have received a dollar a day regularly for their work, fifteen thousand dollars in all. But in order to understand their true situation we must consider the condition of the community at large. The community as a whole has produced fifty per cent. less than usual. Before,



they were able to produce only the necessities of life; for the next year they must exist on only one-half of these necessities; that is, they must go for a twelvemonth, half clothed and half starved. The whole community then has suffered by this foolish work. But how much has the community lost in dollars and cents? Exactly the value of the work done in cutting away the hill in question, that is seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. That there has been a loss to the community of the twenty-five hundred dollars' wear and tear on the horses, wagons, etc., engaged in the work is self-evident. As to the fifteen thousand dollars paid in wages the proposition is not so plain, but is, nevertheless, equally true. Suppose the whole work had been done by machinery, and that fifteen thousand dollars paid in wages represented the wear and tear of this machinery. In this case all would admit that there had been a loss of fifteen thousand dollars of capital. Well, men are in a sense machines; they are capable of only a limited amount of work in a lifetime. The "wear and tear" on these human machines has cost fifteen thousand dollars and there is nothing to show for it—it is a total loss to the world. This may also be seen by looking at the transaction from another point of view. The five capitalists have lost the fifteen thousand dollars. Has anyone acquired them? No one, unless it be the laborers. But they have given equal value therefor. Hence, we have a loss to the capitalists without gain to anyone, and therefore their loss is the community's loss. Again, if these men had been working at their former occupations, *i. e.*, agriculture, they would have received the same amount of wages, and the capitalists would have received seventeen thousand five hundred dollars' worth of farm produce. It is clear, therefore, that the community as a whole is seventeen thousand five hundred dollars poorer than it would have been but for this foolish adventure.

Here, then, we see at last the true cause of hard times, the real cause of "lack of confidence." An enormous amount of capital, seven hundred mil-

lion dollars at least, recklessly expended, put into enterprises which are not paying, and will not for years pay, one cent on the dollar—how could there be anything but hard times?

The individuals of each community soon know whether an enterprise is paying or not. Lack of confidence begins with the creditors of these non-paying enterprises. The day comes when they can no longer "kite." Down they go, and among them some monster corporation whose business relations are so extensive that it carries with it a hundred others. The panic has begun. Such was the case in 1873 when J. Cooke went to the wall, and also in 1890 when the Baring Brothers went under. The panicky times may continue for a year or two only, but "hard times" will continue until the country has had time by honest toil to replace the lost capital—five to seven years.

To summarize and draw conclusions: First, panics do not move in cycles, but do occur periodically, every sixteen to twenty years apart; second, they are produced by "hard times," and the latter are caused by a sinking of capital in dead (for the time) enterprises; third, panics are not caused by legislation and legislation cannot prevent them, unless, indeed, it can go to the root of the trouble, and prevent speculation and gambling; fourth, as there is a *real* cause for hard times and consequent panics, they cannot be averted by any patent methods, nor can they be righted after they occur except by liquidation and time—time to replace lost capital.

Is there no way, then, to avert panics, to avoid hard times? Are we to go on for ever and ever with this same painful repetition? When we consider that France and England have had the same panics which we have had, *occurring in almost exactly the same years*, we feel almost ready to believe that here is a flaw in nature for which there is no remedy. Not so, however. The remedy is to teach to all the true cause of the trouble. When men learn that a maximum price for hogs this year means a minimum price two years

hence, they will cease breaking their necks to get into the hog business, and the "minimum" price will not come and neither will the "maximum" prices be thereafter realized, but *fair* prices will be the result throughout. So when men learn that a panic may be surely expected at a certain time, they will begin to "hedge" some time before, and the force of the panic will thus be largely averted. But in order to *wholly* prevent hard times and panics it will be necessary to prevent speculation and gambling schemes of all sorts. This can never be done (unless by law) until they can be shown to be unprofitable to *all* engaged therein. This will never be as long as there exists the present difference in intellects. Unquestionably the tendency is *toward* more general education and less diver-

sity of intelligence, but this is a forlorn hope to the reformer who would abolish hard times at once and pass to other human ills. Can anything be done by legislation? The limits of this article forbid even an attempt at answer.

In conclusion, I desire to say, in order to prevent any erroneous construction being placed upon what I have above said about the expenditure of forty million dollars in Virginia in dead enterprises, that I do not mean to say that these enterprises are dead for all time. Far from it. The time will come, and in a few years, in my judgment, when the country will build up to its improvements, and then advance with redoubled energy, for no section of the Union is richer in coal, hardwood timber, iron ore, and other minerals, than the state of Old Virginia.

## FRIENDSHIP, AND BE CONTENT.

BY EMMA E. MEGUIRE.

LET'S call it friendship, then, and be content ;  
This thing of flames and dew-drops blent,  
Which seems to soothe yet parches at the last,  
Saps life too fast, too fast.

It lures me to the fairest peak of hope's  
Celestial range ; then down the slopes  
Precipitous I'm frowned, ere quaffing there  
One draught of sweetened air.

My racing heart droops faint, the spur withdrawn ;  
Eyes lovelit fade to palest dawn ;  
Life ebbs from excess—take, for I'm forespent,  
Friendship, and be content.

## FATHER RYAN.

BY W. H. FIELD.

HIS soul's wide windows looked upon  
The fading wonder of the West ;  
He dreamed of that eternal rest  
That lies beyond the setting sun.

He loved the shadow and the haze  
Of vanished years to wander through,  
And in his dreams he felt and knew  
The splendor of the yesterdays.

Upon his harp's frame there was strung  
No chord of happiness or mirth,  
But all the sadness of the earth  
Seemed in his accents when he sung.

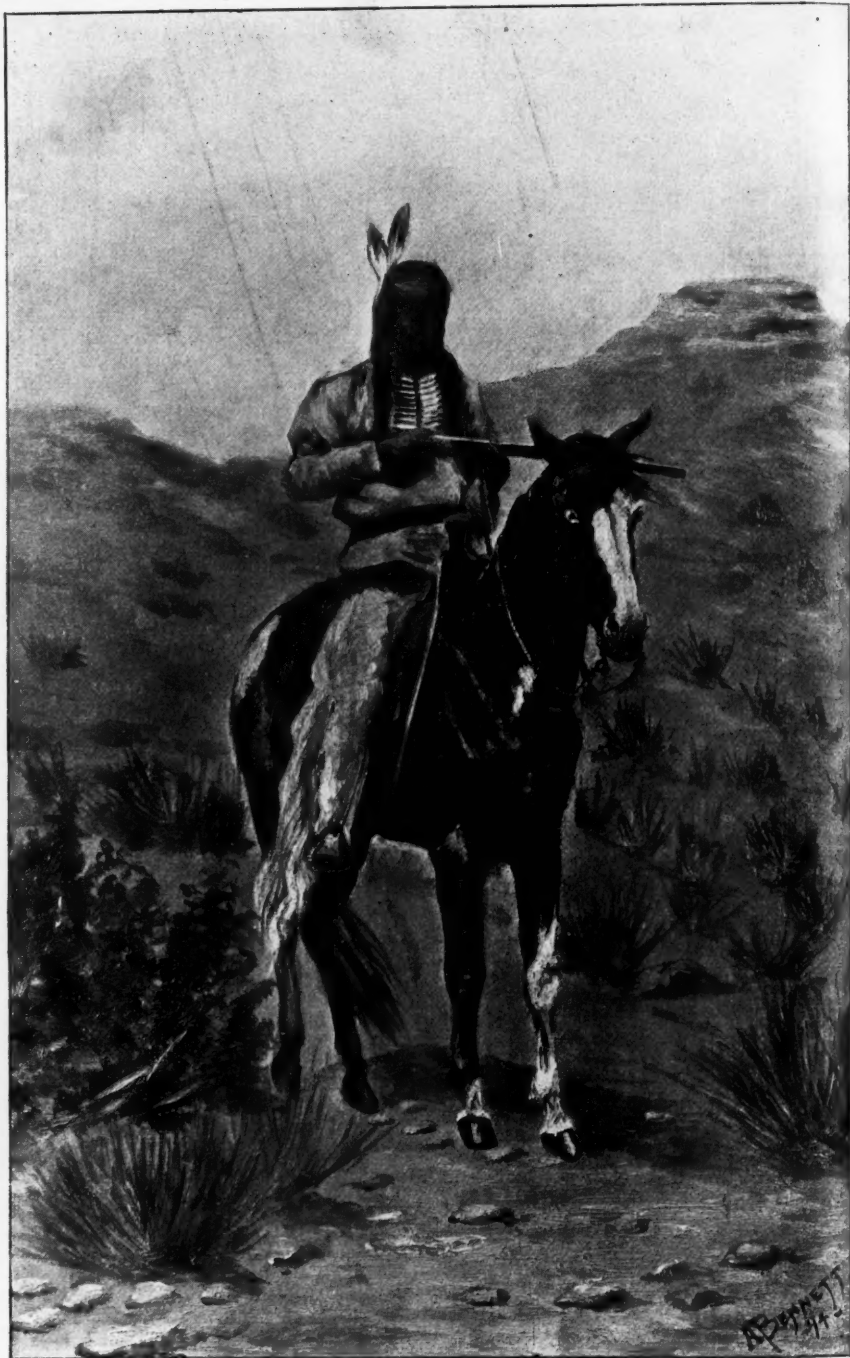
His random fingers reached and frayed  
His instrument's soft minor strings,  
And their melodious murmurings  
Like notes of angels swung and swayed.

He sung of war—one heard the tread  
Of lost battalions passing by,  
And tender winds that moan and sigh  
On Southern hills above the dead.

No trumpets flared, no plumage toss'd,  
No battling armies clashed and rushed ;  
He told in whispers low and hushed  
Of tattered banners furled and lost.

He sung of love—and soft and low,  
One heard a plaintive undertune  
And recollected some lost June  
And some dead face of long ago.

His songs sprung from no studied art ;  
But like the tunes that autumn weaves  
Of vagrant winds and yellow leaves,  
They flowed from out his burdened heart.



LOADING UP.

## THROUGH INDIAN CAMPS IN A GOVERNMENT AMBULANCE.

BY ELIZABETH GRINNELL.



WE were located at the "Kiowa, Comanche, and Wichita Agency," about forty miles equidistant from Fort Reno and Fort Sill, on the Washita River.

There were more Indian tongues or dialects spoken than I could count on the fingers of both hands, but Comanche was the "court language" among the Indians of the plains, and one capable interpreter was sufficient for all. The "affiliated bands" had been given a home with the located Indians. We had the Caddoés and Kechies, Towacanies, Wichitas, Wachoes, and the gentle descendants of Penn's Delawares, or the Lenni Lenapies, not to mention many others.

It was in the early days of Grant's peace policy. In the country around there had been bloodshed—blood both innocent and guilty. The Indians had not ceased to raid on Texas, for with good reason they considered it their rightful territory; and neither had the whites ceased to raid on the Indians. Into the wounds of the Redmen was now poured the oil of a gentle Quaker administration.

Friend Richard J., of Philadelphia, had been invested with such limited power as is given to the ever-berated and maligned Indian agent. He was their brother and friend. He carried no arms himself, nor would he accept a personal escort in arms.

In the summer of 18— he proposed to pay a visit to the camps on the plains nearest the Agency, and most cordially invited us to join him. We were young, somewhat adventurous, and not at all "afraid of Indians." We had spent several years of childhood where the birch-bark canoe and the hemlock wigwam of the Algonquin were familiar features of the river and the woods. And so it happened that nearly a score of years

ago my "Friend" and I took a somewhat perilous trip through the camps of the Indians of the plains.

We took with us "Ike," the interpreter, a negro of the blackest type, who had been born and bred in the Territory, and knew every foot of the country, and most of the Indians. He was shrewd, and well informed on all points common to an interpreter. Besides Ike was Isaiah, the driver, who passed for a sort of missionary at the Agency. He was ready and willing, quite capable of meeting variable conditions, and very pious as well as solemn. Theodocia and I completed the party, though I ought to mention "Rat 'n Sally"—two little sleek, slender, government mules, tough and wiry, with a good deal of "horse sense" for mules, and never seeming to grow weary.

The ambulance itself had a history, though a very doubtful one. It was hinted that it had been the gift of a beef contractor to a former Agent, but this was refuted; for, strange to say, government officials are denied the acceptance of gifts. Then again it was rumored that a duly authorized inspector, intent upon his duties to the service, had presented it to the chief clerk "in token of remembrance," etc. This also was denied (by the chief clerk). I think the truth in the case was, without reflection upon any official, that the vehicle had once been an army ambulance and had rotated to the Indian Department. It had three seats, well cushioned; these, being pulled out and shoved together like the seats in a tourist car, made a comfortable bed at night.

"All ready" shouted Ike, early Friday morning, and we were off. There were few wagon roads through the Territory at that time; but winding in all directions were two sorts of cattle trails either of which the traveler could choose, sure to find easy fords through the creeks and accessible passes over

the hills. The real Indian trail wound through tall sunflowers and impenetrable prairie grass, without regard to any particular point of the compass. It was sure to lead somewhere, being well worn and smooth but narrow.

We struck the cattle trail in preference for its width. To be sure the main lines of this trail ran north and south, but it was circuitous and served our purposes very well. When we would change our course and the road did not turn that way exactly, we trotted across the open prairie, quite confident of striking some broad highway not far off. These trails had been made by herds of Texas cattle which were frequently driven through the Indian Territory north into Kansas. The road was as smooth as a race-track, from fifty to one hundred feet wide, and conducted us through the richest portions of the Indian country.

In traveling through their kingdom we respected the customs of the natives, both from inclination and from policy. From inclination, for many of their ways were pleasant; and from policy, because Agent J. wished to convince them that he had no intention of appearing hostile to customs innocent in themselves, and quite devoid of present evil results.

Since then the interference of government authorities, for the want of something better to do, has so restricted the Indians in the practice of many of their ceremonies that they are forced into the mountains or the Bad Lands to dance and to sing. There, as far out of reach of the hated white man as may be, they pay their vows in their own way—vows as sacred as ever were the vows of pious pilgrim, be he Catholic or Protestant. I have seen many of the Indian dances, both religious and otherwise, including the great Sioux Sun dance, and I fail to see any of them in the light of a crime either against themselves or against the government.

"I do hope our Indians will learn something better some day" remarked Friend J. as we drove through the outskirts of a village and stopped a moment to see a war dance in midday. A small

party of Comanches had been sent out under command of Capt. P. to bring in, or to punish, a band of Cheyenne marauders. Successful in their expedition they were now recounting their marvelous achievements to an eager crowd of their own people.

With scanty clothing, but with generously painted bodies, these men were dancing in circles around an imaginary foe at whom they fired imaginary arrows, retreating, always facing the enemy, advancing again, scalping the fallen, pursuing those who fled, and closely inspecting the ground for an invisible trail. It would have been an Indian battle pantomime but for the indescribable noise; singing it certainly was not. There is neither music nor rhythm in my memory of it.

It did not occur to this Quaker agent to forward a petition to Washington, bound and surrounded by its due measure of red tape, requesting that "troops be sent to quell this and other savage exhibitions." He simply "hoped that his Indians would learn something better." He would give them a substitute; and he only sighed, when a little further on we came upon a Scalp dance in full operation.

"Does thee know, Theodocia, as to when and where the practice of scalping originated?" asked Friend J. "Some say that it was an Indian custom before the invasion of white men, but I can not find sufficient authority on the subject."

"I think it very likely," answered my friend, "that, in the early days of the Colonies, the aborigines were taught by their European allies to bring to camp the long plaited hair of those killed in battle that the victim, be he English or French, might be identified by the color and texture of the lock, or by the ribbon which adorned the end. Did not George Washington and other officers of state wear scalp locks, otherwise called queues? Was it not the most natural thing in the world for savages to imitate not only the courage and valor of the whites but this feature of their dress as well? It is not supposed that the Indians were ordered to bring in the head, or a part of the



head ; this would have been too cumbersome a duty. In the hurry and stress of battle, accidentally at first, a portion of the scalp was removed with the hair by the glancing of the blade. This piece of scalp being found convenient as a foundation for the trophy, was later deemed a necessary feature of the horrors of war."

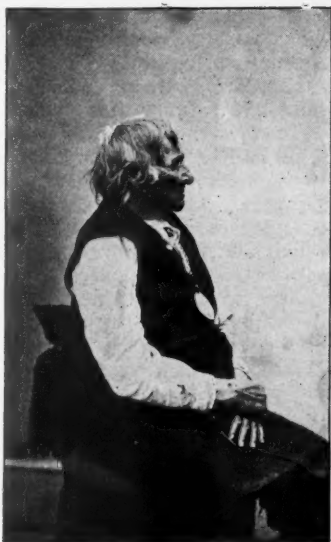
Thus reasoned Theodocia, and Isaiah remarked, with a solemn look in his meek gray eyes, "Very likely ; but it is always a sad sight to me to witness these indications of bloodshed."

Notwithstanding the "sad sight" Isaiah was the last to turn away from the scalp locks as they swung ten feet above us, suspended from a slender cedar pole, around which were about twenty women distorting their faces and contorting their bodies into every conceivable shape. There were coarse black scalp locks, fine dark brown ones, and wavy blond tresses swaying in the summer air. They told silently their tale of horror, of mutual hatred of whites and reds, of wrongs without redress save this ultimate vengeance.

Down the trail there rode toward us in single file a party of Indians. Their blankets, or robes, had slipped from their shoulders in the swing of the lope, but as they approached us these were drawn up around the head and across the face leaving only the eyes visible. They halted, and we halted. To have proceeded without this ceremony on our part would have been both discourteous and unwise.

"How ! How !" said the Indians in concert, and "How !" said we all. Friend J. alighted and shook hands cordially with the whole party with his invariable, "How does thee do?"

We were questioned as to our errand and our intentions, the limit of our journey, when we left home, and what we had with us ; not in tones commanding, but in a friendly, sociable way, as if we had been old comrades. In their turn they told us that they were in quest of some ponies which had strayed from the rest of the herd. They assured the Agent that "all of their people were now friendly, and that



TEN BEARS.

they desired nothing so much as peace and plenty of chuck-a-way" (rations).

As they rode away their long buckskin lariats trailed behind them full fifty feet, and rustled like snakes in the grass and dust long after we thought them fairly out of sight. Not long afterwards they overtook us on the home run, driving the refractory ponies. One of them had an arrow stuck fast in his flank and he hobbled along at a painful speed (one of the many Indian methods of training a horse).

A heavy shower overtaking us, we stopped the mules under the lee side of a buffalo skin lodge while we alighted and stooped low to enter the small door which a squaw held politely to one side. "The man of the house" sat on the edge of a deerskin pallet, discussing some question of the day with other chiefs. They all grunted a welcome to us, and we were motioned to a seat on another couch. We fell to admiring a little pappoose, probably three hours old, whose black clear eyes blinked hard at something we could not see. Evidently this child had been born "with a silver spoon in its mouth," or what, in its Indian environments, was

quite an equivalent. In its swollen ears were long showy ornaments, beads strung on sinew thread, with tiny bells at the ends. Its hair, as black as the historical raven's wing, was full four inches long. Into the wee small scalplock had been braided green and red strips of buckskin, and german silver spangles. The baby's mother was crooning low to it as sweetly as if the child had been fair and dressed in soft flannel, instead of clothed from head to foot in its own little "bear skin."

Pad-wah-o-zie-man—Ten Bears—a very old man, was mixing tobacco and kinnikinnic for the long red-clay pipe which lay on the floor beside him. Before filling the ample bowl, he dug a small hole in the earth in which he reverently deposited some of the tobacco, covering it over and patting down the dust, while there was a perfect hush of conversation. It was prayer time. Having thus offered sacrifice, or a peace offering to the Great Spirit, the men betook themselves to smoke after the manner of Indians. I noticed that the lips of the smoker were folded in, and that the stem never once touched the teeth nor the inside of the mouth. Boys did not smoke.

The old man, Ten Bears, was a striking person for an Indian; and, for that matter, he would have been a striking man anywhere with a few finishing strokes of art. He had been much with the whites, and wore a silver medal in recognition of some long-ago service. He had discarded nearly all other ornaments and had progressed as far as the shirt and waistcoat in the matter of dress.

He and other chiefs of our Agency had visited Washington and Philadelphia, where they had been royally entertained by the curious and philanthropic. Photographs had been taken of them, and later, some of the likenesses were sent back to the Territory by the Smithsonian Institute for measurements to be taken of the head, chest, height, etc. This is how we happened to obtain the photograph. Indians are wary and suspicious. They like neither to be counted, nor measured, nor "shot," by white men. They distrust the best

intentions and on this account are hard to manage.

Ten Bears had bravely overcome the first two of these scruples. He had sat for his picture, and submitted to the tape measure with fortitude. He might have been proud of his distinguished appearance, for he made an exquisite profile view, not much resembling the hideous drawings of Indians in the ordinary newspaper. He was upwards of eighty years of age, with white hair, a feature remarkable among such Indians as I have known. His sight being dim, he had been presented while in Washington with a pair of spectacles. These, being the first ever worn or even seen by most of the wild Indians, produced a telling effect upon his people. At the first, windows in the agency houses were a marvel and, where accessible, were always crowded with blanketed admirers. Stranger yet it seemed to see windows put in a man's face for him to look out of. His friends gazed and gazed in much the same fashion as they stared in at our windows. What they saw was a gentle placid eye, in which lurked no evil.

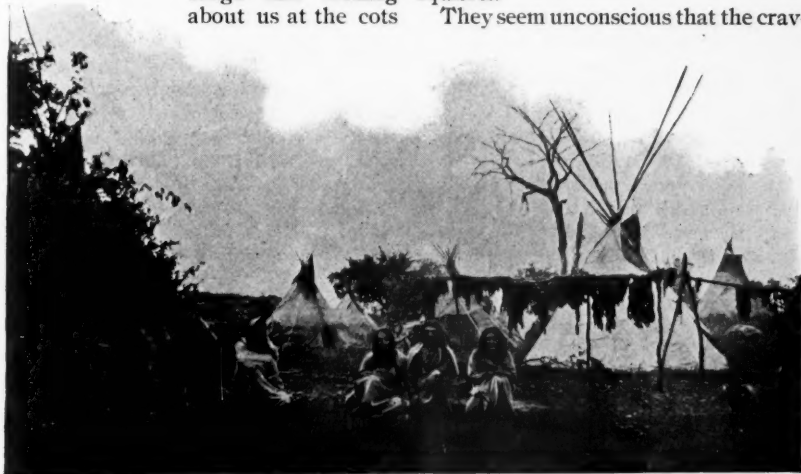
Ten Bears died soon after our visit; it was rumored "neglected by his people." It is averred that Indians are cruel to their old folk, and abandon them out of sheer indisposition to care for them. "After medicine of preparation" has been made, in other words "after prayers have been offered for the repose of the soul," the life of the aged has been taken, mercifully to end the misery of it. But I am sure this matter, with many others, has been greatly exaggerated. If, in the hurry of flight on the war-path, pursued by pitiless foes, some are left behind, it is not marvelous. A few old men and women may fall, too feeble and decrepit to follow the flying band. Then, forsooth, the Indian hater takes it up and publishes it to the uncharitable world that "Indians make a practice of abandoning the old." In an acquaintance of ten years or more with these wild men I have seen almost nothing of this alleged cruelty. On the other hand I have seen the best in the lodge given to a nearly blind and helpless

person; and certainly the advice of many such has been sought, within the narrow limits of my observation.

While we were sitting in Ten Bear's lodge and looking about us at the cots

the lakes, or a few days' "outing" in the mountains where they have slept on fragrant pine needles, or rested on banks of fern with the rabbit and the squirrel.

They seem unconscious that the crav-



CURING BUFFALO MEAT.

on the earth floor we fell to thinking about centipedes and tarantulas and such small fry as we knew inhabited the land. We soon learned that these seemingly untidy people were after all very cleanly. Every night before reposing upon them the women took the skins out of doors and gave them a vigorous shaking, and the willow branches which served for mattresses were readjusted and examined.

I think that tepee life as we found it then was far preferable to the log-cabin of later forced civilization. The lodge was moved as often as filth accumulated; and that was oftener than an ordinary housewife's "spring cleaning." Fresh sweet ground was sought for, while the old site was left to the vultures and the south wind to clear up.

I have heard Indian philanthropists urge with gilt-edged argument the necessity of forcing the Redmen out of their tepees and into houses; calling their unsettled life "vagrancy," and their want of permanent residence "unhealthful and degrading." Yet these same philanthropists come reluctantly home from a fishing expedition among

ings of their own much civilized nature is for the untamed heathen life of the so-called savage. They are innocent of suspicion that the freshness and good nature which they have derived from "camping out" is from the simple cause that they have "lived like Indians."

But I must proceed to our mules, which we had left tied to a medicine pole outside of the lodge we were in. We had not dreamed of violating sacred offices, nor of desecrating holy ground; we had seen in the medicine pole a simple convenience for hitching. A hitching-post in front of any house would be utilized most certainly. Alas! we had made a sad mistake. Our mules were well-behaved or they might have deranged in a twinkling the various "medicines" which could but tickle their lips. There were tails, and horns, and bottles, and rags, and weeds, and skins, and seed-pods and many other articles swinging from our hitching-post. The Indians had suspected our innocence in the matter and, being friendly, had simply untied our animals. Two of them now sat in the ambulance laughing and talking.

When we approached they explained that they had feared our belongings might be violated by some "thoughtless young men who were prowling around" and hence they had mounted guard during our absence. We thanked them and were about to proceed when one of the "guard" touched the Agent's shoulder and intimated that since timely service had been rendered it would be good form on his part if he should now give them an order on the government commissary for some coffee and sugar.

"Certainly! certainly!" replied Friend J., and the shrewd Indians departed, their long scarlet breech cloths trailing behind and sweeping the wet seed-brushes of the prairie flowers, and wriggling through the puddles which the rain had left.

The afternoon sun came out warm and clear, and the young braves also came out to contemplate nature, or something of the sort; I was never quite sure what. They then strolled leisurely to the hillside, not in companies, but in solitary figures, without turning to the right hand or to the left. The government had issued to those Indians a quantity of unbleached sheeting with other cloth and things. This sheeting was used for summer lodges and for warm weather blankets. As blankets they were cool and light. If soiled, it was an all-over condition and they did not look so bad. The young men wore them most; perhaps I should say "the bucks," in common parlance, but I am averse to the

title. I suspect the term does not belong so much to the Indian as to the average "cow-boy" of the Western frontier, to whom we are doubtless indebted for so inelegant a title.

With head and ears quite enveloped in the sheeting, the fellows threw themselves flat on the ground, face downward, leaning on their elbows and resting the chin in the hands. I have seen them lie in this way for hours at a time without changing their position. The white cloth in the light breeze clinging so close to their figures made them seem indeed "like statues thrown to earth."

The younger women and girls did not wander away from home unless chaperoned by their elders. I have never seen Indian girls bold or adventurous. On the contrary, they were modest and very reserved; many of them were graceful and pretty. What they may have since become from "advanced civilization" and acquaintance with the whites, such whites as too often drift to the western border, I am not able to say. My point

of observation is from the height of many years ago, before the churches had begun to wrangle over the "best fields," or civilization had promised "something else" to the poor "benighted heathen."

Theodocia, who still travels with me, though not in a government ambulance, taps my elbow and suggests that by my many remarks thrown in helter-skelter, I am spoiling my story and



KICKING BIRD.

laying myself liable to be called a "crank," or at least a "sentimentalist." I admit that either of these liabilities would be dreadful indeed in case my story were told to please the longing soul of the Indian hater, or if I had the reputation of being other than a "sentimentalist." I have seen in the Indian race much to deplore, a good deal to respect, and much, very much, to pity.

In spite of their modesty those Indian maidens were courted, and I shall portray such a scene as we witnessed that day, as well as scores of times since among many tribes. It was enacted in plain sight of parents and friends, without secrecy or a suspicion of impropriety. It was creditable from long custom. This was but the wooing, the marriage itself may not have taken place until long afterwards.

The old men and women were sitting on the ground in social converse, while the children and girls played their favorite game of ball or ran about barefoot in the soft, curly buffalo grass. One of the pretty maidens of sixteen had attracted our attention. She had long, even hair, and a rich bronze complexion set off by a circumscribed spot of carmine on either cheek. The same tint appeared down the parting of the hair in the middle of the small head. She wore a calico dress of exactly the hue of a ripe orange; it became the girl well, and, with her wild surroundings, was not half so showy as the staring red gown of a modern girl dressed to order. It was just two breadths of the goods sewed up at the sides with sleeves set in long and square, without a hint at wings. It had not been fitted over corsets, and, from a fashionable point, did not hug the figure. The comfortable effect, as well as the artistic, was quite equal to that of a "mother Hubbard." The neck of it was not so low as the full dress of a Christian woman. She wore ornaments of elk's teeth, very costly and rare, even at that early day when hunting was good. Over her shoulders and head she wore one of those gay, flimsy shawls which a kind government had bestowed, with other annuities, meagre

as the thin shawl itself, in payment of much land.

This girl, "Smiles-in-the-spring," had also attracted, probably not for the first time, the attention of "Shoots-as-he-goes," a stalwart young brave who meandered about the group completely hidden from view by his ample white blanket, save one black eye which twinkled like a gem. That eye was on the form of "Smiles-in-the-spring." Nearer and nearer he approached the object of his worship, she apparently oblivious of his intentions. When close to her he opened cautiously his somewhat dingy wrapper with both hands, extended his arms, and quickly imprisoned the unresisting maiden. And thus the two stood within arms' length of the girl's mother, who remained as unconcerned as the white girl's "ma" when she hears the clock strike 1 a. m., and troubles not herself about "Maude" in the parlor alone with "George."

Theodocia turned away in disgust, and asked Isaiah to "drive on." Ike laughed, and said, "Don't be afraid; they are courting. That's their way—the fashion as it were. The girl is near her mother and uncles and aunts. They know that Shoots-as-he-goes is a young man of means. He is telling her all about the lodge which he will permit her to make while he watches her, lying on the grass, and how he will not leave her behind when he goes on the hunt. In short, he is making love to his sweetheart. I tell you,



LOVE-MAKING.



Miss, it's all right. If the girl hadn't liked him she would have dodged his blanket and run off to her mother."

After this lucid explanation from Ike, we looked about us and counted six couples within an acre of ground, thus sheltered by their blankets, holding their low conversation as singularly secluded as if the whole family had retired and left them "the use of the parlor."

That night we spent in the Comanche camp, twenty-five miles from a white man's gun, unprotected save by Heaven. We were entirely at the mercy of the "Red Devils," as I once heard the Redmen alluded to by a man who was himself something of a demon. This man trembled at the sight of an Indian, and always carried a six-shooter in plain sight in his shaking right hand. He wrote a thrilling article, when he got "back to the States," for the illustrated "Whooper" about his bravery and "how he had kept fifty savages at bay with his faithful weapon."

Our gentlemen slept in the lodge which the Indians cheerfully abandoned for their guests, and there laid them down to sleep as fearlessly as if at home. There is no danger in an Indian camp; that is, if you yourself be friendly. The whole tribe is on their honor, such honor as is seldom seen among civilized people. I deny that Indians are either bloodthirsty or treacherous. It is a calumny. We, and many of our friends, have traveled for days together without military or other escort, among the wildest tribes, including the dreaded Cheyennes and Arapahoes. I never felt terror or suspicious save once, when, by chance only, we were in company with six armed men of the frontier on the stage line between Wichita, Kansas, and Fort Reno. Most of the reports which reach the press concerning the treachery of Indians are made by white men who are themselves on the war-path. Treachery begets treachery, and bloodthirsty white men meet bloodthirsty Indians. It is a law of nature and has been clearly demonstrated. Excepting when on the war-path, pursued

and persecuted by the foe, Indians were peaceable and harmless. More than this, they were cordial in their friendliness; and thus it happened that Theodocia and I slept in our government ambulance that night without fear.

Before daybreak we were awakened by sudden cries, low prolonged wailing, and melancholy chanting. In a lodge close by a Comanche was dying. By the glare of a bright fire we could distinctly see the movements of those who performed the last rites. While the body was yet warm, ere the breath had stolen far away, the women bound the man's parts together as compactly as possible. The knees were brought up to the chin, the arms tied about the legs in front, and the head bent well forward. This parcel of dissolution was then bound with deer thongs, wrapped in blankets and beautiful skins, and hoisted to the back of a mournful horse which had been led up to the door of the tent. This horse had evidently been used as a hearse before, for he looked dejected and sad, nor moved so much as one of his ears until the mourners were in line. Two women, one on either side, held the strange corpse in place for its last ride, while a third woman led the horse. Toward the east they slowly went, singing their dreadful dirges, in which the friends remaining at home joined. This scene, enacted at early dawn, amid the shadows and the dim light of the fading stars, was indeed weird and gruesome. So ghostly and ghastly it was that I was inclined to shiver; but Theodocia approved of it.

"It's no worse than a Christian funeral," said she. "Why, think of an Irish wake. Consider an ordinary burial. The dead, in this case, is out of sight of the curious and superstitious. Money needed for food is not wasted in gilt and ceremony, nor are the family and friends annoyed for days together by morbid people who drop in just to view the remains."

The cortège of three disappeared below the bend of the Washita, and we asked Ike the location of the cemetery. He answered cheerfully:



"Oh, the Indians don't have any graveyards."

They would drop the dead into some natural wash or basin by the river where there were plenty of stones and loose earth for cover and leave him in his grave. His name will never be mentioned by his friends, and if a stranger ask concerning him, he will be told how long he lived—never when he died.

We had intended to cross the Washita the previous evening, but the heavy shower had swollen the river so that Isaiah declared it impassable. Ike said he was sure there was no danger at this ford; but Isaiah, master of the lines, stoutly refused to move. He even affirmed that if the water were no lower in the morning we should turn about. He then cut a willow stem from the bank and stuck it straight up in the mud a foot or so out in the water, notched it at the water-mark and left it to gauge our movements by the next day.

Early Saturday morning, after the funeral, we were ready to start. The Indians urged us to remain for breakfast; but as they seldom ate before ten o'clock we declined the invitation. When we reached the river bank "Rat 'n Sally" pricked up their long ears and switched their tails suspiciously. The water was thick with yellow mud as is the wont of the Washita after a rain. It flowed high up the banks and looked much angrier than the night before.

"Isaiah," said Friend J., "thee had better step down and examine thy gauge."

Isaiah managed to get down the slippery trail by the aid of gravitation. He looked wofully at his pantaloons, with their uneven though generous coat of yellow paint, and inspected the notch on his stick. The water glided past full four inches below the mark.

"All right!" he shouted, and Ike drove the mules down in spite of their emphatic protests. Isaiah jumped in, and slowly we descended into the flood. Higher and higher the water came; up to the traces, over the sides of the mules, and into the ambulance. Up,

up to the top of the wagon bed. We drew our feet to the seats and held our breath. We were dizzy. We were surely going down stream, we thought. "Rat 'n Sally" almost swam; surely all of their feet did not touch the bottom. Isaiah had kept his gauge stick in his hand, and now, as quick as thought he broke off about six inches of the small end. This he inserted between his teeth straight across his mouth, very much as a dog brings a stick out of the water, and bit it till his face grew purple.

We reached the farther bank without loss of life, and Isaiah exclaimed:

"There! If it hadn't been for that stick, we'd have been drowned. What a mercy I had it. I learned that trick when I was a boy. You can't get dizzy and drift down stream when you have something to bite on that is hard and wont give. But that river is high."

Once out we began to examine our eatables. We found yellow mud sticking to everything. Not a crust was left that could be eaten, save that in a few cans that were sealed.

We all felt out of sorts, as Theodocia said, except Ike who was detected in a broad grin several times when the rest of us could see nothing amusing.

"Ike," said Isaiah, "I believe you meddled with my stick."

Ike had meddled with it. He had been to the river early and had pulled it up three or four inches leaving Isaiah's reliable notch that much above the water.

Friend J., who was not disposed to laugh now that his breakfast was spoiled, looked sharply at Ike and said:

"Isaac, thee may sign the pay-roll and seek employment elsewhere when we get home, if thee perpetrates any more of thy jokes on this trip."

We were not far from the Caddo village, and Theodocia suggested that we might find bread and milk there, and perhaps some meat. These Caddoes were sort of semi-civilized. Some of them had log-houses, used baking powder, ruffled their dresses, and had a few hens and cows and pigs in a bush. I should add that they wore silver combs in their hair, after revolutionary style. And the first attempt at a "bifurcated skirt" which I ever saw was on these

Caddo women. They rode the cross saddle generally, though some of the advanced young Caddo girls sat as gracefully on the side saddle as any horse woman of "better blood." When the cross saddle was used, the habit worn was a narrow skirt falling to the ground, on either side of which one breadth was left a foot or more longer than the rest. This square piece, which quite concealed the rider's feet on either side of the horse, was ornamented with beads and embroidery.

As we approached the village the young men were bringing home the cows. There was not much poetry about it, for the herd was unruly and were lariatied. The cattle made little resistance, and were then led to camp peaceably enough. So docile they seemed that I proposed to do the milking, and pinned my dress up with an air of importance. I would show these people that I knew something of country life and was not above honest labor. I took the pail and started for the nearest cow, saying gently, "So, Bossy; so, Bossy." The women began to titter, which but nerved me to courage, and I looked about me for a milking stool. None being in sight, I stooped low as I advanced and held out my hand to the "gentle creature." The cow had been lariatied to a cottonwood tree. She had wide branching horns after the manner of Texas cows, spreading fully four feet from tip to tip. Suddenly one of her feet flew out toward me and its mate followed. The women all screamed, "Nut-tee (women) Tsu-tsu (milk) no, no." The pail was then taken from me and I retreated a wiser woman. More rope

was obtained and thrown around the cow's hind legs and slip-noosed tightly. She was then secured by these ropes to stout trees in the rear. In this very much "straitened condition" she was milked by Mrs. Caddo Jake, and the milk was very good eaten with "dush-cut" (bread) and dried beef, which was called Kur-er-o-tu.

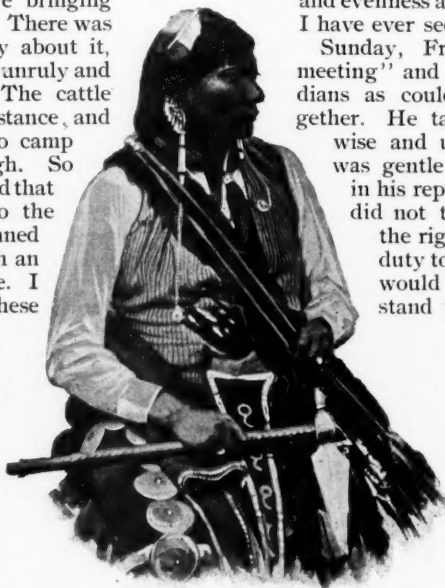
We occupied the rest of the day in taking a peep into their grass houses, the little "squaw patches" or kitchen gardens, and looking at the sewing of the women, which exceeded in nicety and evenness any stitching which I have ever seen.

Sunday, Friend J. "held a meeting" and talked to such Indians as could be brought together. He taught them many wise and useful things, and was gentle though emphatic in his reproofs. Religion he did not teach so much as the right use of time and duty to one another. He would have them understand that love was the essence of the Gospels, and that they should live at peace with all men, since all men are brothers. Retaliation was not pleasing to the Great Spirit. The bravest of the brave is he who forgives the most.

After the lapse of so many years I am compelled to call to mind this gentle Quaker Agent, who is now dead, by the sentiments expressed in one of our leading journals. I take up a paper of very late date and read:

"If a lot of the damned sniffing Quakers who meddled so much with Indian affairs were hanged it would be a good thing for our country."

I recall the peaceful teaching of Friend J., with its "love your enemies," in comparison with the sentiments just quoted and wonder whether



ASA HABIT.

for the old gospel of peace and good will anything better has been substituted.

"We will drive as far as George Washington's to-day, Isaiah," said Friend J., as we entered our ambulance at sunrise Monday morning.

We bade good-bye to the friendly Caddoes, who had roasted a young pig for our breakfast, and moved on toward an abandoned camp of Kicking Bird, near old Fort Cobb. All over the prairie were Buffalo skeletons which the vultures had scarcely left. Hardly bleached were some of them and the horns were still firm in their sockets. A little later and the bones were all gathered up by enterprising frontiersmen and shipped to manufactories, there to be fashioned into the latest styles of buttons and combs. I am sure that the dark, glossy, square buttons adorning the lady's coat in front of me last Sunday were made of the identical buffalo horns which Theodocia picked up and gave me for examination that day in the Indian Territory. I threw the latter at a prairie dog, which adroitly dodged my venture, and they were left lying with thousands of their kind on the bone-flecked plain. I wish I had kept them, for last year when I coveted a set of buffalo horns for my cabinet, they could only be had of a Montana cowboy, and that for the sum of three dollars. Only a few weeks before we crossed the plains, the Reservation simply "swarmed" with buffalo. They had been killed recklessly, by both the Indians and whites for sport, and for the hides, tenderloins, and tongues. At the time of my history the game could be found no nearer than sixty miles to the westward beyond the Reserve.

Confined as they

had been for some time on a small area of land, it was a great holiday for the Indians when they were permitted to go on a hunt. As a "reward of merit" for not having defended himself against the whites for some time past, Asa Habit, with his band, had been out on the Staked Plains for two months, and were now returning.

We were trotting along toward a pass in the bluffs, when "Rat 'n Sally" pricked up their long ears and expressed a desire to turn about. We were soon in sight of the cause of their uneasiness; for suddenly in front of us appeared a cavalcade whose like neither the Indian nor the white man will ever see again.

In the foreground rode the men of the party on sleek, fat ponies, well dressed in their best clothes, ornaments, feathers, red and blue cloth, and beautifully embroidered buckskin. The horses were decorated also with streamers, from bit and bridle and tail. Little bells tingled, and silver pendants glistened and flashed in the sunlight.

There were now and then as many as three young fellows sitting on one horse, singing "Hy-ya-hi," as they paced along, laughing and talking, and cutting antics of horsemanship. Next came the draught horses, the older, more experienced ponies, drawing the lodge poles and other necessities of the hunt. The Indians valued their lodge poles, as we could see by the care with which they were handled. The long, straight, slender saplings had been hunted like the buffalo, and, like the game, were almost extinct in the reservations. Peeled, well seasoned, and worn to look like polished ivory, they were indeed a thing to prize. They were the beams, and rafters, and ridge



ASA HABIT'S WIFE.

poles, and chimneys, and door posts to the houses. These poles were fastened on each side of the ponies, and trailed far in the rear. A caravan like this, passing over a trackless plain, left a well-worn, even trail behind.

On starting for the hunt the poles had made a convenient frame work for the couches on which the sick of the camp were laid. Skins had been stretched across midway between the pony and the trailing end of the poles, and the arrangement, so pliable, was as comfortable as a spring wagon. There were no sick on the return trip. The excitement, the fresh winds, the change of scene, the nourishing diet, combined their powers to restore, as similar experiences do among our own race. The women and children brought up the rear, and also the buffalo meat in all stages of preservation. The least attractive horses of the herd were employed for this purpose, though even they were in good flesh. A buffalo hunt restored the horse as well as his rider, for the abundant prairie grasses had been feasted upon and the great "salt-licks" frequented.

Some of the meat harvest had been cured and bound in bags of skin to the backs of ponies. Other portions were partly dried and were completing the cure on the home trip, suspended from the empty poles. Other parts were still quite fresh and were being taken home on the backs of the horses, the dependent edges dribbling along in the grass. Nothing of the horse could be seen but his meekly down-cast head and the sloping rump behind. Covered entirely by the hide, laid on fur-side down, the abject beast of burden presented a striking appearance indeed. Large quarters of the meat were being taken home on the litters. Once in camp the women showed great dexterity in disposing of it. From the irregular, thick chumps of meat they would shave with their sharp hunting knives wide, long, thin panels, as one peels an apple, avoiding and leaving bare every bone. These strips were hung on poles like clothes to dry, half as large as sheets, where in an hour's time they were completely glazed by the dry, pure wind.

It was a dainty, that dried buffalo beef. Many a time have we feasted upon it, as well as upon the meat in its fresh state. It is no wonder that the mouth of the Indian waters for it. So does the mouth of the white man who has once tasted it. It is at once bread and butter and meat. One could make a meal upon it exclusively nor miss the usual accompaniments. As the Redmen became gradually restricted in the chase they were informed that the wise government would furnish them a substitute in genuine white man's buffalo meat. Poor Lo stared out of his sharp black eyes, and acquiesced per force. Down over the plains rolled the big government freight wagons. The white man's buffalo meat was hung up on pegs in the warehouse "all cured." The Indians came cautiously around to inspect it. It was brown, rusty, greasy bacon.

Those heathen braves who ought to have knelt down on the commissary's floor and kissed the kind government's hand for sending them such a matchless "substitute," had the audacity to turn away from it in disgust. They were unacquainted with it. It nauseated them.

Necessity has at last overcome prejudice, and now Mrs. Rain-in-the-face fries her bacon, and the little Rain-in-the-faces wonder that their grandfather doesn't think it is good, and the little papposes die of scrofula and hideous skin diseases, sucking the last bristly rind of the white man's buffalo meat. Philanthropists sigh that "the Indian cannot bear up under advanced civilization," while they build more log-houses "ten by ten" in which to pen him up while he is dying with visions of the last buffalo hunt in his memory.

As the first of that strange procession passed us Theodocia said, "There's Asa Habit. Isn't he the fiercest Indian you ever saw?"

He was indeed the "savagest" being in that whole country. Lone Wolf, whose very name brought terror to the frontier, had as sinister an expression as one often meets in civilized faces, but one could read in his visage possible

relenting, while a quick glance of his eye indicated unusual shrewdness. But in Asa Habit's face there was no relenting; neither was there any in his soul. He was hard, savage, cruel. His was a face petrified into hard fierceness by many years of intolerant hatred of the whites. He had been their arch enemy, as they had been his foes. A few months previous to our acquaintance with him he was forced to declare himself subdued; and, although we knew his vengeful heart was not in it, we did not fear him. He had made a solemn

Asa Habit wore an eagle's feather in his crown, and his hair had been hacked off with a hunting knife for the sake of his many friends who had died in battle. I counted fourteen german silver rings in each of his ears, besides the larger one which held the long dependent ornaments. There was a deep "solution of continuity" from the lobe to the top of the rim, affording ample accommodation for garniture. His gaily decorated otter-skin quiver was bulging with its varied arrows, and he was never seen without his tomahawk. His toma-



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

pledge to keep the peace, and that pledge was our hostage.

The history of his eventful past was recorded in the proud bearing of the man, the relics of his savage weapons, and in the numerous scalp-locks which depended from his belt and swung from the smoke-hole in the apex of his wigwam. He never smiled; his nearest attempt being but a slight deviation in the lines about his mouth, making more prominent the pock-marks of his face. Smallpox had been one of the early gifts of the white man to the Indian, and the Indian who survived the disease never forgave the unsolicited benefaction.

hawk and pipe were in one piece, so that with his uplifted hand he could slay his foe, turn the weapon that had killed, and smoke the pipe of peace above his victim.

He halted to shake hands with our party, and Friend J., lifting a brown scalp lock which depended from the chief's right wrist, said, in mild reproof, "Asa Habit, I wish thee would leave these things at home, or bury them out of sight. It gives me pain to see thee wear them."

Asa Habit turned to his wife, who had ridden up behind him, and addressed her in Comanche, holding out his hand. She untied the thong which



detained the scalp lock, and Asa Habit slipped the offending treasure into his quiver, saying: "No wano." "No wano," answered the agent, and we drove on.

Theodocia remarked that Englishmen had been known to preserve a lock of hair, whereby to remember some dear friend, and even to die with the precious memento next the faithful heart. Thus do Indian and white man meet on common ground.

Mrs. Asa Habit had been the lifelong wife of the Chief, and, being a woman, was less fierce than he. She also had cut her hair in mourning. It was rumored that her lord had more than once attempted to take a younger and fairer bride to his lodge, but No. 1 had wielded the sceptre, or rather the tomahawk, of her rights so successfully as to thwart such hopes on the part of Asa Habit.

In less than one hour after the arrival of the hunting party, that which had been a desolate prairie was the scene of singular activity. We stopped to lunch on the river bank, and to watch this sudden transformation. It was the sight of a "boom town" indeed, prelude to later transactions of the whites, when those same Indian lands have been declared open to settlement; differing, however, in this respect, that on the day of our visit there was no wrangling over corner lots, no land offices, no swearing, and of course no police to keep order. There was a rapid erection of tepees, unloading of ponies, and good-natured, low-voiced conversation. Even the dogs took in the situation, and went off to one side and lay down in the grass to hound the evasive flea.

A woman and boy hurried past us to the creek. The mother was talking earnestly; not scolding, but emphasizing her statements to the child in plain Comanche terms. The boy was ten years old, quite bereft of clothes, and ran on ahead without a word.

"That boy," said Ike, who had caught the woman's words, "is going to be punished."

Straight to the middle of the stream went the mother, the boy at her heels.

She then turned and ducked him three times without a word or any haste; indeed, so deliberate was she that we feared the child would drown. They then came dripping up the bank, and walked calmly off to camp. The boy ran away to the dogs, who helped him to dry off, while his mother continued the building of her lodge.

"Little Two Tails has been very naughty," explained Ike. "He fed the tongues to the dogs and hid the lariats."

"Why didn't his mother whip him, then," asked Theodocia, "or shut him up in a dark closet?"

"That's not their way," answered Ike. "Ducking is the usual punishment for offenses among children, and in winter, when the ice must be broken to make standing room, it's pretty severe. The boy feels ashamed; he will not play with the other children to-day, but will hang about the sunflowers and sleep with the dogs."

We could have lingered there all day, but Isaiah insisted that we should "have a hard pull to get to George Washington's to-night," and so we resumed our journey.

"I took Asa Habit and another chief East, last year," said Friend J., "when the Department ordered me to bring on a delegation. It was Asa Habit's first sight-seeing in high life, and I shall never forget one incident in connection with his perpetual surprises. We were walking down one of the principal business streets in Washington, when I found that I had lost Asa Habit in the crowd. Retracing my steps I found the chief spell-bound, as the saying is, before the large show-windows of a hair dresser's establishment. Straight as an arrow he stood, his flashing black eye riveted upon the abundant hair switches and wigs of all colors and sizes which hung in glass cases inside. He clutched wildly at his belt as if to lay hold of something which was not there. I tapped his shoulder and intimated that we must move on; but he continued to gaze with a surprised air, half confused at what he saw.

"'What are you doing?' asked the interpreter at my side.



"'White man heap Indian,' was the reply. 'White man heap scalps.'"

"We persuaded him at last to move on, but for half a block he looked back over his shoulder with one of his wickedest expressions; and I believe that, had he recognized what might have been an Indian scalp in the collection, he would have bolted for the war-path on the spot."

"Without arms," said Theodocia, "and then there would truly have been an *Indian uprising* requiring troops upon troops of our brave standing army to subdue. Did you make clear to Asa Habit the functions of those articles which so agitated him?"

"Yes," replied Friend J. "I explained that those things he had seen were not scalp-locks but innocent hair, bought and paid for, which white squaws wore coiled about their heads to prevent them from taking cold and to make it appear to the over credulous that they had a really fine production of their own. But such explanations were to no purpose. The wary chief was incredulous, satirical, and showed evident distrust of what he heard."

While Friend J. was telling this anecdote Ike kept a sharp lookout along the trail. Suddenly he jumped out and picked up a round thing not unlike an old weather-beaten croquet ball.

"What is it?" we asked as we each in turn examined it.

"It's a Buffalo ball," explained Ike. "It is sometimes—rarely, you know—found in the stomach of the buffalo. See, it is gray and finely grained, as if it had been scratched with a pen. It is formed by the hair of the creature, which, being licked for a long time, after the manner of kine, and swallowed, is gradually amassed and hardened into this even shape. It always belongs to the brave who shot the game, and it brings good luck. This one must have been lost by Asa Habit's band."

Theodocia remarked that a buffalo ball was quite as likely to bring good luck to an Indian as the finding of a horse-shoe, or the wearing of a red string, was to bring good fortune to a white man.

It was after sundown when we

reached the home of George Washington, principal chief of the Caddoes. A small frame house, reward of merit from the government, was the nucleus for a cluster of log shanties, lodges, and various rude shelters.

It has ever been the policy of the great and good government to so deal with its red children. Whenever an Indian evinced a disposition to turn into a white man he was encouraged. There has been some difference of opinion with the minority as to the exact amount of good accruing to the Indian by the change. It is probable, however, that a process of evolution will result finally, to the last remaining Red-man of the race, in his ultimate good. Usually, as we have observed it, the change for the better is on the part of the white men who take the ambitious Indian in charge, if by "good" is meant the opportunity of disseminating his pernicious practices.

About the home of this progressive Indian was the noise of dogs barking, cows lowing, pigs squealing, poultry clamoring, the grinding of coffee, the scraping of plates and kettles, and the mixed tongues of English, Irish, and Caddo.

"The lord of the manor" appeared with shirt outside of leggings, an old broadcloth coat outside of that, and above these a curious hat of ancient make, with a silver band about the low crown. Our host removed a real white man's pipe from his mouth and said, "How?" We asked if we could spend the night in or near his residence. He answered in the affirmative, and we unhitched, glad of an opportunity of looking over this far-famed Indian ranch.

George Washington was considered "civilized," and was so recorded in the government reports. He was the father of his nation in this respect; hence his name. He had gathered about him two or three Irishmen who had married into the tribe, as many Americans—"squaw-men" (to speak in frontier parlance)—and several half castes. This mixture of blood would tell on any man not an Indian, and it had told on George. They had taught him what they knew of the white man's

cunning—something also of his arts. He kept a sort of "Tavern," midway between Fort Reno and Fort Sill. It was on the stage-line, and travelers suppered and breakfasted there. Mine host had learned to collect charges, to distinguish between "tony" and common guests, and to bring out the best things as occasion required. He had some spare bed-rooms, and dishes and chairs.

He kept a small store where calico sold for twenty-five cents per yard, peaches for one dollar per can, oranges at ten cents apiece, and tobacco at fifty cents per plug. No whisky was allowed on the Reservation, that is, no "whisky straight." But mince-meat was an aid to civilization, and mince-meat was allowed. There was a secret about this particular article of diet which puzzled the superficial observer. Pies were seldom seen, indeed they were very scarce, in consideration of which it was an open question to the uninitiated as to what became of the many huge firkins of mince-meat which heaped high the freight wagons meandering across the prairie in the direction of George Washington's. But "the cat was let out of the bag"—not to speak disparagingly of the article of commerce—when it was discovered that the entire bulk of juicy, toothsome, spicy compound was dumped into the close embrace of some cotton blanket, or other receptacle. From the bulging centre of this unique receiver, when it was vigorously twisted at either end, dripped the delicious nectar which "cheered" when not of sufficient quantity to "inebriate."

The possession of this secret on behalf of the Indian communicants of the ranch was due to the high art of civilization brought to them by their so-called Christian friends. The Indian is too stupid to have solved so intricate a mechanism as mince-meat without the

aid of a superior race. And yet there are solitary representatives of that superior race who deprecate the benefits

of civilization as bestowed upon the Indian. There is no longer any necessity for squeezing the white man's mince-meat on the reservations. By act of Congress their lands are mostly open to settlement, and settlement means plenty of whisky. To this end have the so-called friends of the Indians worked.

George Washington possessed what made him a conspicuous person among his own people, a somewhat scanty moustache, which to these beardless folk seemed some intentionally novel freak of nature. Mrs.

Washington had learned to be a tolerable cook; that is, she could fry things. She even outdid her civilized neighbors in the art. For supper there were fried eggs, stacked fifteen inches high on a queensware platter, fried flap-jacks, fried turnips and potatoes, and fried cat-fish. Each and every one of these dishes was dripping with hot lard. We got a pitcher of new milk, and, with some stale crackers bought at a little store, suppered under the cottonwood trees.

Late in the evening we heard sounds as of distant and earnest preaching. They seemed to proceed from some low dome and were somewhat muffled. Ike went out to ascertain the truth and came back to say that a missionary was holding services in a small shanty behind the settlement, with the doors and windows shut.

Isaiah, who never lost an opportunity to "attend meeting," started off, and we, from curiosity, followed him.

"This," said Friend J., "may be the Mormon I have been looking for. It is rumored that he is working up a following with the intention of emigrating before long. For once we shall be justified in eaves-dropping."



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Outside of the low, broken window we could distinctly see and hear the speaker. About a dozen Caddoes were around him, two-thirds of whom were women. The speaker was perspiring with energy, while a "Squaw-man" was interpreting.

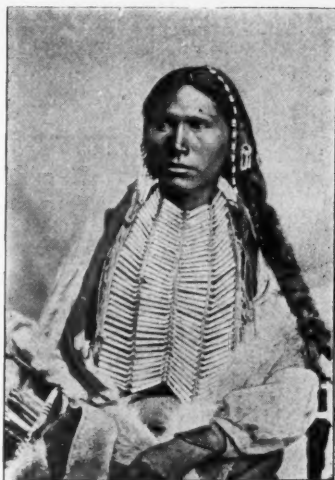
"My friends," he said, "you are descended from the greatest and wisest chief that ever lived. His name was Sol-o-mon, which means Man-in-the-sun-and-moon. He was a Caddo, as his name signifies. He had seven hundred wives."

As the interpreter rendered this piece of intelligence, startling even to an Indian, the men broke into a loud grunt of surprise, and the women put their hands over their mouths, indicating sudden astonishment.

"Yes," the missionary went on, "he had seven hundred squaws, and when the old chief was dead his son Da-vid succeeded to his office after the manner of Indians. Chief Da-vid called a council once, and told the whole tribe to worship the beauty of holiness. Now my friends what is the beauty of holiness if it ain't these squaws?"

Here the women drew their shawls up over their heads and giggled. This was too much for even the gentle spirit of Friend J., and he did not hesitate to use his authority. He opened the door and informed the perspiring preacher that he might have just one hour to leave the Reservation in. The man muttered something about "religious persecution" and a "free country," but went his way. We heard of him afterward at the Cheyenne Agency, where he was arrested by the Quaker Agent in charge, and sent "to his own place."

The next morning we got an early start and came near being lost in the quicksands of the Canadian. The river was broad and shallow but very deceptive. What appeared to be a smooth and solid bottom was of the most treacherous character. We kept the mules on a very fast walk and they floundered several times. Ike threw rocks and sticks on ahead to step on, and by walking himself induced "Rat 'n Sally" to lunge along.



LONE WOLF.

As we drew near the Kechi camps, there reached us the most indescribable sounds.

"The Kechies are drumming for rain," said Ike. "See! the whole village is astir with faces turned towards the sun."

It reminded me of "swarming time," when men, women, and children used to "make a racket" to drown the voice of the queen bee.

The tattoo of the medicine drum, the "toot-toot" of reed pipes, the clashing of sticks, and the beating of pots and kettles made a din sufficient to attract the attention of heaven. But as yet no clouds had appeared, and the tumult continued until we were long out of sight.

Ike said it always rained after the Indians had made medicine this way, and that there must be something in it. The rest of us smiled incredulously. It was in the present century that we witnessed this "heathen exhibition" of the art of making rain. I suppose the unoffending Kechies continued their spells until the government sent troops to the scene of action "to quell the disturbance."

I am now informed that almost upon the very spot where the naked aborigines banged their drums and tooted

their little reeds, with small consideration for possible cause and effect, scientific believers in the art of making rain on demand are operating under the protecting wing of the government. At large expense more racket is being made than it was possible for the Indian to conjure, all for the self-same purpose, and it is thought with equal success. If the government had granted a patent to the Kechies for the invention, they might have been rich enough today to purchase the surplus lands of Texas for an Indian boom town.

April 14, 1892, that part of the Territory over which we passed in our government ambulance was declared "open to settlement." There was the usual crowd, the rush, the push, the swearing, and the bargaining. I would say to the luckless mortals who have no "finger in the pie" that the land is mainly very poor. Stock freeze in winter and starve in summer. Drouth scorches alike the vegetation and the vegetarian. The grasshopper nips the tender bud as well as the settlers' expectations. We drove for long hours over prairie-dog towns, over the advance dug-outs of the farmer's settlements, where the soil scarcely afforded sustenance for the rodents. An occasional "squaw-patch" in the rich but too narrow creek bottoms told their deceptive story to the pioneer.

To the American people there is a resistless fascination in land to which the Indian has a claim. The charm wears away after a few years' struggle with its rugged features. Were the Redmen transferred to the Bad Lands

of Dakota and promised that "as long as the sun shines and the water runs" they should remain there unmolested, our people would find some sudden good in the buttes and the petrified teeth, and the bleached, bare surfaces. The Indian would move on or die.

There are few tribes left now in the condition we found them. Civilization has stretched out her hand to them and taken them in—also the most of their land. It seems to be the order of human events. The Indian has learned to be crafty and deceitful, and proud and wicked. He has lost the confidence in his brother man, which induced him to lean a stick up against his wigwam door when he went away on a protracted visit. The stick was a sufficient barrier to intrusion. Now he locks his frame door and bids his dog to watch the windows. The squaw has forgotten how she left her little garden with its maize and its beans, having never a suspicion of her neighbor's honesty. Now, forsooth, she fences her field with barbed wire which the government sent with its other bounties.

The picture of a golden era was borrowed from the American Indian who had community of property, trust without suspicion, and politics without party; best of all, a religion without dissension. He is patronized, cajoled, robbed. A score of Christian denominations lift up their voices and cry: "This is the way, walk ye in it." And what better have these offered to the despised race than the despised race itself possessed?





## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

NOTE.—Brief comments on timely topics of social, economic, or non-partisan political questions, as well as criticism of current literature, art, and science, are desired for this department.—EDITOR.

**She Didn't**

**Read Fiction.**

"I seldom read novels or fiction of any kind," said a little woman, while a complacent smile flitted over her rather vapid face. "Oh, dear, no! I consider so doing a sheer waste of time."

She settled herself in the comfortable depths of a rocking-chair, and producing a roll of crochet, set to work upon it with a zeal and diligence worthy of a nobler occupation.

"The domain of fiction includes the drama," I replied. "Do you never read Shakspere?"

"Oh! who thinks of reading *him*, now-a-days? He went out of fashion with our grandfathers."

"And Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and, last but not least, George Eliot?" I asked, waiting with some curiosity for her reply. It came at length, after she had smoothed the crochet out on her lap and gazed admiringly at it.

"Of course I read Scott's novels when I was a girl, but, to be candid, I do not remember much about them. A few years since I took up a volume of Dickens—Oliver something—but I soon threw the book down in disgust. Its author is so low—carries one among such dreadful creatures. Thackeray is altogether too satirical and fond of probing and exposing the 'little crimes and misdemeanors' that go to make up feminine nature. Now when I *do* read a novel, I don't care to be regaled with the foibles of my own sex. I want something light and sensational—a story that is far removed from the incidents and characters that make up the sum of every-day, hum-drum life."

"Something after the order of 'She,' I suppose?"

"Well, yes; though I did skip a great deal in that production. As for George Eliot, nothing could induce me to wade through anything she has written. I once tried to read 'Adam Bede,' but the book failed utterly to interest me."

"I am sorry for you," was the only retort I thought it worth while to make—knowing it would be useless to endeavor to prove to one of her calibre what erroneous ideas had entangled themselves in her brain.

I watched her as she sat before me, all her energies centered in the manipulation of those countless yards of thread into an elaborate design—ultimately to adorn some garment that, after its first exhibition to admiring friends, would fall, perchance, under no other eyes than those of my lady's washerwoman.

And as I marked the deft fingers there flitted across my mind the following quaint lines: "Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, many golden hours; no reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

This little woman I cite is only a type of thousands who, with heart and brain, *dien donne*, devote their lives to no nobler purpose than that of perfecting themselves in every variety of fancy work that sweeps from time to time, in divers forms, over the fashionable world in the shape of a "craze."

We are told that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"; and there may be much of truth in this laconic aphorism, for, as Lord Byron says, "knowledge, though, is *not* happiness."

Nevertheless, my heart goes out in pity to the man or woman whose mind fails to feed on the rich and rare fruits



spread before it in this glorious "communism of literature."

I cannot give the right hand of fellowship to the woman who complacently avows she seldom, if ever, reads fiction.

There can be no congeniality of thought in a mind so blank, so utterly wanting in ideals, so ignorant of the works in which, as Miss Austin tells us, "are displayed the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineations of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor, all of which are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language."

Of course, in the almost limitless catalogue of fiction, there are books of such deadly poison that it behooves us to put them far away, so that the young and innocent minds of our children cannot feed upon them, and their tastes thus become vitiated ere they have been sufficiently formed to detect and shun the fatal *Upas*-taint that lurks in every page of these productions.

Were some magic power granted me how gladly would I gather together all obscene writings, all dime novels—those compounds of moral aconite and henbane—that are poisoning mentally so large a number of the youth of our land, and all the insipid, enervating trash known as "children's literature," into one vast heap, and then, as the Caliph Omar, long centuries ago, applied the torch to a far nobler collection of books to heat the baths of his soldiers, so would I touch this reeking pile with brands of fire, until not one leaf or shred was left to tell these books had ever been!

Some people, viewing this matter from a religious standpoint, look on the reading of novels and fiction generally as a heinous sin, forgetting, if they ever knew, that these books are in most cases only chronicles of the lives daily pulsing around them—records of the human heart, with its manifold hopes and its fears; its aspirations and its disappointments; its passions and its sorrows.

"I never read fiction; it is a waste of time!"

Shades of the mighty masters, whose matchless conceptions shall live until

time shall be no more, veil your spirit faces at this shameless avowal!

Never read fiction! Never enter the wondrous realm Shakspeare created and peopled with "characters that combine history and life who are complete individuals, whose hearts and souls are laid open before us."

So true are they to human nature that, "in forming our opinions of them we are influenced by our own characters, habits of thought, prejudices, feelings, impulses, just as we are influenced with regard to our acquaintances and associates." I hold it true that not to know Shakspeare, the keen and mighty prober of the deep heart of humanity, is to be a wanderer in a mental darkness most deplorable.

I would not exchange my acquaintance with his men and women for the costliest gem that ever sparkled on a monarch's brow.

They are such good and varied company, and the individuality of each so distinctly defined that whether we meet them in the glades of Ardenne, or on enchanted isles, in the banquet halls of the Capulets, or on Elsinore's ghost-haunted ramparts, we think and speak of them assentient, breathing creatures, while their homes become "local habitations" on which the mind's eye loves to dwell.

But leaving the heights of fiction, and passing over many names that, standing not quite so high in the scale of authorship, yet occupy no mean place, we come to our own times when authors are as thick throughout the land as falling leaves in Vallambrosa. Out of this host I single one whose life and genius were spent in ceaseless endeavor to benefit and reform what was wrong in the age in which he lived.

"He taught the world," said Dean Stanley, as he stood beside the new-made grave of Charles Dickens, "great lessons of the eternal value of generosity, of purity, of kindness, and of unselfishness."

This great novelist, whom men delight to honor as the "Prince of Pathos, the Emperor of the realm of Fun," chose the broad arena of fiction as a



medium through which his best and purest lessons were taught.

What days and nights of pleasure have not we who love our author spent in the bewitching company of his brain-children?

And what a legion they present, as, at our bidding, they pass before our mental vision.

How our hearts warm to noble, large-hearted "John Jarndyce" and dear "Dame Durden," with her "beautiful darling" close beside her; poor Richard, too, and the little mad woman, with their pathetic story, telling of wasted lives spent in the vain pursuit of a phantom that had its charnel-house in that foulest of places—the Chancery Court of England. And yet another let me cite—"a daughter of the gods, divinely tall," and most divinely beautiful—a proud, passionate, exacting nature who smote her own peace when she pledged herself to wreak vengeance and disaster on the house and master of Dombey. Each of these characters, like most of the creations of our author, embodies some deep lesson of humanity; and well for us if we heed and ponder them in our hearts.

"Thank God for Germany!" exclaims William Black in his own "Kilmeny," and I, with equal heartiness, cry, "Thank God for Charles Dickens!"

Ye who roll up your eyes in disdain and complacently declare you never read fiction, come out of your shell of ignorance; surround yourselves with this great and good man's novels, and learn from them the beautiful lessons of lovingkindness, charity, and generosity. "I delight and wonder at his genius," said Thackeray. "I recognize in it (I speak with awe and reverence) a commission from that divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye.

"Thankfully, I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal."

*Anna W. Young.*

#### The Social Problem.

Radical reforms by means of violent measures, like convulsions in nature, may sometimes be necessary. Occasionally the wise physician resorts to heroic treatment, but in every phase of life, except it be in some such abnormal condition, the golden mean of action works out the best results.

Reformers are always in danger from the temptation to go too far.

Extreme views lead to severe criticisms which invariably defeat their object, if indeed they do not rather count for something on the other side.

Recent attacks and defenses of society women illustrate this, and there are many who deplore the fact that some in high position allow the evil they see to make them utter things apparently bitter and perhaps unjust.

Yet the mothers of to-day have no more serious problem to solve than this one involving the social life of their daughters. To lookers on, it may seem an easy matter to say, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther"; but the issue does not come when positive command may settle the question.

From the quiet home life, to the dizzy whirl in society, the transition is gradual, but step by step one goes a long way, especially when everything seems tending to accelerate the pace. Many a young woman, nearing the vortex of the social maelstrom, wonders how she came so far; many a one not only wonders, but in some quiet moment has a heart-sick longing for the old life, for the pleasant evenings with father and mother, the freshness of morning walks, the zest of a morning appetite.

The danger to the full-fledged society girl is greater than is usually estimated—a threefold danger, since physical, mental and moral nature all suffer when night after night is given to the gay world. Not until the small hours do these devotees seek their rest, flattering themselves that sleep until midday will revive exhausted nerves.

But nature rebels, draws ominous lines about the sweet mouth, the bright eyes begin to droop, the peachblow fades from the complexion, day sleep

does not take the place of the sleep the Creator provided, and nothing equals the elixir of life inhaled in the fresh air of morning. Physically, the society girl is falling below par. The lassitude following the season's excitement gives warning, but the danger signal is not heeded. Many a girl is coming to where she must test the skill of some Dr. Wier Mitchell, and add another proof to his statement that nervousness is the national disease of America.

Mentally, she fares no better. There is no time for study nor even for reading. The mornings being necessarily spent in sleep, the afternoons must be given to the momentous question of what she shall put on, and by natural consequence thoughts and conversation dwell largely on the fashions and events of society, whose fickle laws she seems far more careful to follow than the laws of the decalogue. Any other mental food she expects to obtain must be furnished at the night's entertainment, and one who listens for a time to the nothings heard in ball-rooms and reception-rooms, at teas and card parties, will not be encouraged as to the quality of nutrition they supply.

Of the moral effect of this social life, nothing better may be surmised; and the reality is more serious than many imagine.

The spiritual nature cannot rise entirely above or be always independent of its environment. The artificial surroundings of social life serve first and foremost the lower instincts of human nature. Soul life is narrowed in its aims, weakened in its aspirations after good, *and is content*.

In the nature of things this must be the result. If three-fourths of the waking hours—and we think that is a moderate estimate—be devoted to society, how is it possible in the remaining fourth to do even scant justice to the home life—that life whose duties may not be neglected with impunity; where should bud and bloom, in quiet hours, all those impulses which make the world better? In truth, there are during the gay season no quiet hours for this willing slave; nor are any desired. The love of excitement increases

with what it feeds upon. The typical society girl must have the smiles and honeyed words of admirers and satellites, and grows restless with an evening of plain home life. Incredulous of the flatterers, she still expects their worship, counts her conquests with a pleasure she does not conceal, accepting as her rightful perquisites extravagant gifts which ere now have helped to send the giver to a felon's cell.

Possibly few would recognize themselves in this picture—in truth the transformation goes on unconsciously, and like the intoxicated man, the love of the sparkling cup has blinded them to its danger.

Society cannot be in a healthful or natural condition when its pleasures consist of such excesses. While parents and friends are profoundly stirred witnessing the danger of this suicidal life, these fair young women meet all warnings with a gay declaration that one might as well be dead as out of society. There is no middle course, say they; all invitations must be accepted; to decline is to be dropped out. The dropping out comes oftentimes more rapidly than they dream.

The hot-house existence does too much for the beautiful flower, and very speedily coming wrinkles and failing health settle the question of dropping out. She must give place to some fresher beauty, or marry, "par convenience," to avoid the catastrophe.

We have need to ponder. These society girls number the majority of our best and brightest; they hold our future largely in their hands, yet six nights out of seven fashion claims them and saps the life from coming years. The best of our young men are avoiding society. They will not enter its excesses, neither will they select a wife from among those who smile upon a young man if only he contribute his quota of flowers and bon-bons, and flattering speeches, drives, and theater parties.

It is time to inquire in all seriousness if it be possible to develop the highest womanhood under such conditions. Yet it is always one step towards reform when the danger is known. When

young mothers realize that home is the place for their children, and that constant visiting leads to growing restlessness never satisfied at home, they will devote time, and thought, and prayer, to making the home-life the happiest possible. There may be oftentimes rebellions against their wise restrictions. Yet Solomon says, it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth, and woman is equally blessed under judicious bending of the childish neck to parental wisdom. Meantime, if we are to have any social reform, a Christian womanhood must instigate it. Not by forsaking society; neither by soothing the conscience with cast-off clothing or even more substantial aid given to charity, but by holding social life in its proper relation of hand-maiden to the higher life of usefulness at home and within the circle which surrounds.

Many a time the heart of a society girl stirs to a nobler life, but these impulses, like the good seed of scripture, are choked by a useless crop of fads and fashions. She has neither time to make home happy, nor to go out among the destitute and miserable, where, amid poverty and dirt, she may find footprints of the Master, and where the joy of uplifting a groveling one, of softening a hard, suspicious heart, will be greater than any joy found in the rush of social life.

How our hearts sank recently as a young mother, moving in the circle of fashion, declared that she spent three hours a day beautifying her finger nails! Three hours a day, and two immortal souls called her mother! A beautiful world around her, a sad world near her

doors, a future world not far in the distance, and yet three hours are concentrated on self! Nay, only on her finger tips. Oh, blind, blind, mother! Neither fashion nor society can alone be charged with such folly; common sense should teach her better.

Some of the abuses of social life could be corrected by the girls themselves, and would be, could they only be brought to realize the excess of it, the unhealthfulness of it. They could easily set the fashion of being more exclusive. Let it once be noised abroad that it is not stylish to receive or be received more than twice a week, and nothing could persuade the devotee of fashion to break the rule. But if the keeping up with this social whirl be injurious to those able to afford the ever-changing fashions, what shall one think of the great majority who keep up at the expense of a hard-worked father or care-worn mother?

One avers that the society girl does pray—that night after night she humbly thanks God for the evening dance or the winning cards. Perhaps so! We have no doubt she kneels, but does she pray for a lightening of the burdens of the father whose heart is heavy while she flits through the dance, whose step is growing slower and the thin hair whiter, for want of sympathy and help of his beloved child?

She does not know this? No, and because she does not *think*. But,

Evils are wrought for want of thought,  
As well as for want of heart.

And if social life leave no time for thinking, it must answer for many evils.

*Harriet C. Cooper.*





#### WHY ARE WE SO EASILY AMUSED?

In no matter should greater caution be exercised than in an estimate of national character. Anything which resembles a criticism of one's own people is especially perilous—to the critic. Nor can a just opinion of the prevalent sentiment or dominant ideas of a very large population be certainly obtained by observation of popular "fads," or of the tastes and characteristics of particular classes. Nevertheless, as the sporting fraternity might phrase it, a "line" may in such way be gotten, to some extent, on the direction the intellectual and moral development of a people is taking.

If this criterion be applied to the diversions and recreations in which the American finds relief from the cares and duties of a busy life and absorbing employment, we must conclude that, more than all other men, he desires to banish thought and stifle reflection when he is once away from the shop; for surely the amusements he seeks most eagerly impose no strain on either the judgment or the imagination.

Especially are the patrons of the drama and the lyceum easily pleased and amused, if we may judge by the style of entertainment usually furnished them, and the favor with which it is received.

Theater-goers demand gorgeous if not artistic stage settings, striking and novel spectacular effects, and an abundance of decoration in both costume and scenery; but they wish little else. They care no more for plot or climax than a gorilla would care for a prize

poem. The wit, the quick, vivid dialogue of the olden melodrama, so illustrative of its theme and action and so thoroughly in character and keeping with *mise en scene* and *dramatis personæ*, would be as distasteful to an average modern audience as its sentiment.

Formerly a burlesque was really what the name imports. It was an exaggerated representation of some person or thing, until it became amusing because we were made to perceive how wide may be the distance between the poles of its existence or action, while it yet retains its identity. The king or the hero was rendered ridiculous not by his own acts or words, but by being made the victim of some ludicrous situation or accident. Now, however, a totally different conception of what constitutes the burlesque obtains, or it may be that a coarser taste must be consulted. It is not enough that the character shall be out of its sphere and customary habitat, it must also be thoroughly out of keeping. The prince must tumble and crack jokes with the clown, the priest must drink and swear, and all the company, of high or low degree, must "walk around" and recite street "gags," with the special proviso that they shall be well worn and susceptible of immediate recognition.

And, in so far as it may be done, much the same sort of entertainment is expected from the popular lecturer. We do not ask him to instruct or inform us, and he is usually too astute to undertake a task for which he knows he is not paid. Very rarely, indeed, does

the favorite of the lyceum essay to give in coherent and systematic form, an exposition of any creed, social or civil, or even a narrative that shall be of historical value or accuracy. To do so would be to commit a solecism from a business standpoint, for his hearers would be wearied by such discourse; and careful and serious discussion, therefore, is getting to be regarded as rank heresy in the code of the platform.

Of course, there are yet lecturers of another order, but we are speaking of the popular lecturer. He must give his audiences, not strong meat, but soothing syrups and food easily digested. There is no objection to his saying startling and even paradoxical things, provided he exacts neither credence nor close attention. But he must have a certain number of stories, not necessarily *apropos* to his alleged subject, and if "chestnuts," the better, and he must know how to string them together with grace and facility.

Do these tastes argue that we are not a serious and a thinking people, or that we are resolutely bent on divorcing work and amusement? Perhaps the true explanation may be found in the practical character of the work in which the masses of our people are constantly engaged, and the general inclination to obtain quick returns from any sort of investment. The American wishes that sort of amusement which reaches the right place with the least possible delay, and makes him feel assured that he is out not for business but really for recreation. This is a very natural feeling, yet its tendency to lower the standard of esthetic excellence in all directions cannot be ignored. No harm could come, it would seem, of mixing a little wholesome philosophy with the fun, and requiring, occasionally, some reason with the rhyme.

But, in any view of the case, the fact that we accept so readily, enjoy so heartily, and applaud so cordially almost everything that is offered us, is indubitable evidence of our extreme good nature. The American in these matters is always disposed to take the will for the deed. He is willing to adopt, as the rule of his conduct to-

wards those who make an honest effort to entertain him, the advice exhibited in the placard which we are told is hung up in every wild western saloon—"Don't shoot the pianist; he's a doin' the very best he can."

#### IMMIGRATION AND THE SOUTH.

We heard so much, during the boom period, of the marvellous way in which our resources were going to be developed by the quickening application of foreign capital, and of the immigrant's impatient aspiration to follow the capital and assist in its beneficent work, that we can scarcely be expected to lend to the same story ears quite so attentive as when it was first told. We ought to be pardoned if we listen with less confidence than formerly to promises of sudden and unexampled development, and if we are in no feverish haste to make preparation for the visitors it shall invite among us, although quite ready to give them a hearty welcome when they come.

It is just as well that we shall be cautious now, as it would have been much better had we been more prudent a few years since. No one would wish—no one who really has at heart the substantial and permanent welfare of the South—to witness a repetition of the methods and results of the boom period; but all of us earnestly desire that our section shall speedily reach the degree of prosperity to which its natural advantages fairly entitle it, and of which it is yet far short. Therefore, while our expectation will not be so exaggerated, or our efforts so vaguely and uselessly directed, as when we believed that we could create wealth out of printers' ink and blow blast-furnaces into successful operation if we only used breath enough, we may yet reasonably anticipate a response to the inducements our region offers for judicious and remunerative investment that will greatly improve our present condition.

One important fact seems to be now generally realized, which was only partially considered and never practically regarded in the hot speculative era to



which we have alluded. While the southern country is rich in mineral deposits, and coals and ores abound and will some day prove enormously valuable, it is as an agricultural region that the South is especially inviting to the immigrant. We cannot promise, as we once fondly hoped, that every hamlet within our boundaries shall hum with industry, and every town become a Birmingham; but we can safely declare that no region on this continent—indeed anywhere on the earth—affords a more certain guarantee of comfortable subsistence to those who will intelligently utilize and fairly test the capacities of the soil. The man of small means but resolute purpose who seeks a home, where with industry and prudence, but without exhaustive labor, constant privation and too painful economy, he may be assured of maintaining his family and making some provision for his children, can more certainly find it on a small farm in any one of the Southern states than in a similar situation in any other section of this country.

The climatic conditions are undeniably more favorable than in the other regions which have been recently open to immigration. Here the farmer need expend neither labor nor money for irrigation, and the seasons are rarely unpropitious to any crop he may attempt to cultivate; nor must he use half, or more than half of what he raises to keep his stock from starving in the months during which he is snow-bound. In brief, he has to dread neither the long, hard winters of the Northwest, which rob him of the labor of half the year, while increasing the actual cost of living, nor the drouths which desolate the arid Southwestern plains. In respect of health and comfort, if nothing else be considered, this may well be a controlling factor in his choice of location.

Moreover, a greater variety of valuable crops—at least of vegetables and cereals—can be successfully cultivated in the South than upon the Western lands to which immigration has been, for many years, almost exclusively attracted. Wheat and Indian corn have been virtually the only crops produced in Kansas; wheat the sole staple whose cultivation has been found profitable in

the Dakotas. It will not be contended that the inferior soils of the South can produce wheat equal in quality and yield to that which is grown in Kansas, Dakota, or Idaho, although the better soils certainly can. But nearly all of the lands in the South can be made, with proper treatment, to produce every cereal in degree and quality sufficient not only to furnish food for home consumption, but also a surplus for the markets; while vegetables and fruits find in this climate and soil their true habitat, and abundantly repay their culture.

The business of cattle raising will scarcely attain such proportions in the states south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi as it has reached in the West. Ranching will be impossible in those states because the immense tracts of grass lands necessary to its conduct cannot be procured. But stock-raising on a smaller scale, and adapted to the wants of the immediate communities, can be successfully undertaken, as experience has demonstrated. It is believed by many well-informed men that sheep-breeding can be made profitable on a very large scale by the use of worn-out lands, presently considered unfit for cultivation.

The planters of the South have often been criticised—both before and since the abolition of slavery—and with much justice, because of the inclination so prevalent among them to cultivate cotton to the exclusion of every other crop. But in this very disposition and habit, not yet entirely corrected, is to be found inducement to the immigrant farmer from other sections, where it has been the custom to cultivate a variety of crops, to settle in this region. If he can resist the temptation to raise cotton, and will devote his efforts to food production, he can always command a market close to his door for all he can produce.

Much depends, however, we are convinced, in respect of the benefit the South may derive from immigration upon the character and quality of that immigration. The more recent European immigration is certainly not the kind we should wish. The hordes of Hungarians, Poles, Italians and Slavonic outcasts,



which have been poured into this country for the past ten or fifteen years, would, should they come among us, do more harm than good. Indeed, we believe such immigration would do us infinite and irreparable harm. We are convinced that it has been of detriment to every part of this country into which it has been introduced, and its presence would prove a veritable curse to the South. We could not use these people profitably as agricultural laborers, nor could they be employed to advantage in any industrial occupation which this region can now, or will probably furnish. Conditions which embarrass and alarm us have already arisen out of the presence in our midst of a race with which no social assimilation is possible, yet which we understand and know how to deal with. The introduction in large numbers of another element, almost as alien in blood, and even more so in habits and social characteristics, less in touch and sympathy with the dominant population in ideas and traditions, with whom we could scarcely communicate by speech or sign, of whose motives and modes of thought we know nothing, and over whom we could exercise no influence, would be a perilous and most unwise experiment.

With the German and the native of the British Isles the case is quite different. They are of close kin to us, and are already more than half American, in all essential particulars, when they arrive. But the immigration which will be most valuable to the South is that composed of native Americans or naturalized Germans, Irish, English, and Scotch. Already familiar with the customs and institutions of this country, and with the national characteristics, however modified by environment or exhibited in mere local types and fashions, this immigration will readily adapt itself to the situation and circumstances it finds, and become incorporated, without friction, in the mass of the population. It will furnish just the class of industrious, thrifty, progressive proprietors of small farms, which the South is in need of. If such people can be induced to come it will be well for them and better for us.

#### BREVITY IS NOT ALWAYS THE SOUL OF WIT.

That class of writers who confine their efforts exclusively to fiction is particularly concerned just now with the merits and possibilities of the short story, and numerous experiments in that direction, more or less successful, have already been submitted to the public. No one will deny that he has found brevity an especial merit in some stories, and that many excellent stories have been short is equally true. But certain representatives of that "dead game" literary school, which is nothing if not extreme, seem to think that every story ought from this date to be short—the shorter the better.

We feel quite sure that the majority of readers will not accept this *dictum* with approbation, but will regard it as a prejudiced and partial view of a very large subject. They will believe it to be induced rather by selfish feeling on the part of the authors than by a real and solicitous concern for the best artistic form. When an author has not a great deal to tell, or can tell all he knows in five minutes, it is quite natural that he should prefer the short story and seek to impress an idea of its excellence upon all people. But some writers—not a great number, perhaps, but some—not only know a great deal more than can be compressed into such brief compass, but have the faculty of presenting in many shapes and phases, and investing with many varied hues and shades the facts and thoughts and emotions which altogether compose the story, and nothing of which we would be willing to lose.

What real lover of such literature would be willing to abbreviate, if he could, the works of the acknowledged masters of romance? We may find much in Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, in Hugo and Balzac, much in Cervantes that strikes us as prolix, but it would be hard to declare that anything we find is unnecessary, is not in some way of interest, and that ought to be eliminated. The true artist, however exuberant, turns everything to use, and almost unconsciously we arrive at his meaning even through his digressions,

or we discern glimpses of beauty we would not otherwise have caught when taken aside from the broad highway of the narrative.

Of course there have been a goodly number of long stories written which are painfully dull. Many of them would have been quite as dull had they been short. It just happened that the writers had nothing to tell and were ignorant of how anything should be told. Really, we think, much of the prejudice against long stories, and the opinion, which seems to be gaining ground, that they are always stupid, arises from the fact that a very dull person is always verbose; but it does not follow that a copious writer may not be bright and interesting.

It is better, and will be more productive of satisfactory results to leave this matter—of the length of the story—to the discretion of the author. If the artistic instinct be present, it will unerringly direct the raconteur aright in this as in other respects. The writer should be allowed ample limits in which to bring, without unduly crowding the incidents and accessories of the story, everything necessary to give the reader a complete picture and understanding of all that he means to tell. When that is done, instinct will move the real artist to stop.

There can be little doubt that the old-fashioned novel of many pages, and sometimes more than one volume, has

had its day and is not likely ever to come into favor again. But we think the very short story is as little likely to become popular. It is better adapted to exhibit the sleight of the writer than any real power he may possess, and can entertain the reader only in a small and languid way. It also is interesting, it is true, as an example of ingenuity, like an acrostic or a cryptograph, but certainly is not the most perfect and agreeable method of at once exciting and satisfying the imagination, as a good story ought to do.

But everything should have a fair trial, and experience is the only reliable test of excellence. As we have said, the reading public has already testified in unmistakable fashion, that the fiction supplied it will not be kindly received if it be too long drawn out. It may be that romance of the future shall succeed in developing the capacity of the very short story to a degree altogether beyond our present conception of its possibilities. He may, perhaps, within limits which would have hardly sufficed for the exordium of a novel of the last generation, express more, get a firmer grasp upon his theme, give it a broader scope than the old writers could do in a volume.

It is with a view of ascertaining what may be done in this respect, and of encouraging genius to its greatest effort that *THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE* offers a prize for the best short story.



## BOOKS AND WRITERS.



Anne Bozeman Lyon.

"Undeveloped genius is no more genius than a handful of acorns is a forest of oaks." We think no young writer of our acquaintance appreciates more fully the truth and significance of Emerson's aphorism than does Miss Anne Bozeman Lyon, whose story, "A Futile Amendment," appears elsewhere in the pages of this magazine. Nor does she rely upon those rare and brief moments when writers believe their unusual mental activity to be the effect of "inspiration." With her, writing is a serious business, and she devotes herself to it with methodical and diligent application.

More than this. Although a young woman, yet it has fallen to her lot to experience the tragedy of life; to pass through spiritual suffering; to feel the crushing weight of sorrow. Besides bearing her own burdens, her sympathy for suffering humanity and her conception of her duty as a devout Christian have brought her into intimate relations with the suffering in all walks of life, from the highest to the lowest. She has come to know them—to look into the heart of the mystery—and this deep and sympathetic insight into a phase of life which is usually a sealed book to young women has

brought to her comprehension a true knowledge of the artistic development of her work.

Miss Lyon inherits superior mental endowments from her ancestors. Both of her parents are descendants of distinguished Southern families, and one branch has had an Anne Bozeman in each generation for two centuries. Miss Lyon's previous writings, "No Saint" and "Early Missions of the South," are evidence that she possesses talents of a high order. Although she chooses to portray those characters who are fated—whose actions are the result of temperaments and influences that negate and override the will—yet she teaches no lesson of pessimism. With her true appreciation of literary values, combined with close and sympathetic observation and study, we shall be surprised if Miss Lyon does not make an enviable reputation as a novelist.

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*Talks about life and letters, and the emoluments thereof—Some matters of fiction that do not often appear in the magazines.*

If you wish to learn the apotheosis of gossip, get you gone to the tea of a literary light and open both ears wide as soon as you sit down. It is not ordinary gossip—not in the matter of it, that is. Brethren and sisters of the pen, though they can talk other things than shop, are precious apt to hark back to that which is to them the serious business of life. Where two or three are gathered together stories fly thick and fast. Then it is that the novice takes his idols—or has them taken for him—down from their pedestals. Say he has come to the city crammed with the fairy tales that go out concerning the marvelous beauty, or grandeur, or success of this or that person of the hour. He finds very soon that there are spots on his sun—that a great person, like a mountain or an iceberg, must be viewed at a distance if you would keep the impression of sublimity.

For example, not long since some folk who ought to know were discussing a man who has been accounted the founder of the Western mining-camp romance. There had just come to town an old co-laborer of his. She was voted immensely nice—an acquisition in every way. “By the way,” said one, “I wonder if she could not tell us the truth about the story that has gone around about—,” naming the famous romancer. “I have heard that he did not really write one of those stories that made his reputation. It seems he was editor of a little local literary paper out West, and, as the story goes, all these things that he has passed off as his own came to him from men who were actors in many of them. They were no doubt crudely written; but the life, the seed-thought was there. He, it is said, printed them then, and when he came East a good many years later, dug them up, repolished them, and made them current as the fruit of his own imagination. What does this person who was his helper say about that?”

“Nothing, except that she don’t believe a word of it. She thinks he has brains enough to do all he has done, and more too. But she does say that, when he came here, she sent along with him certain verses of her own—he had very kindly offered to market them for her. He did market them, but not a penny ever reached her; and when she wrote to various publishers, she was told that checks had been handed the gentleman, who had promised to forward them at once.”

“It seems to me that is a worse story than the other. Theft of a dead man’s work is bad—but not quite so bad as appropriating the increment of a living woman’s.”

Everybody agreed. Then somehow the talk slipped to a young woman whose stories have an agreeable frequency, and in course of the conversation some one said:

“She is certainly a successful writer of fiction.”

“Yes, and deservedly so,” said one who had been silent.

“But her greatest effort will never get into the magazines.”

“Why, how is that?”

“What is it?”

“How do you know?” the rest asked at once.

“Oh, because,” said the other, “you see she gave it out, and her friends all repeat it, that she has never had a manuscript rejected. I would not believe that statement of but one person whom I know, and she, though a wonderfully clever woman, has held a staff position from the outset of her career. Then, too, it is within my knowledge that Rudyard Kipling gets his share of rejections. Richard Harding Davis had them in the beginning, though now he has, I daresay, a primrose path. As for Mrs. —, I know of at the least a dozen rejections she has had within the last eighteen months. So I can’t help wishing she were better guided than to be giving out this guff about being a born success. It only hurts her with people whose opinion is valuable.”

“It seems to me,” added a little lady, “if a woman like Octave Thanet has no shame in acknowledging how long she served apprenticeship, no other person need be mealy-mouthed over it. And then, too, look at Miss Wilkins. I have it on the very best authority that her early work went from office to office seeking rest, and finding none. She has the most delicate, dainty fancy, says my informant, and at first gave it free scope. By and by, when she came to New England hard-pan, her genius made itself apparent there as elsewhere; and as the craze of the minute was microscopic realism, she at once came to the front. But, knowing all that, who can doubt that the tales we are forever hearing about the prodigies that spring full-armed into the literary arena, without even a Jove’s brain to spring from, are fictions of the wildest sort!”

“Yes, this world is given to lying,” another of the group said placidly. “When first I came here I took whatever I heard wholly without salt. It did not seem possible to me that a man or woman with brains enough to write for the best things going, could have the petty vanity of liking to make themselves of greater consequence than they really were. One man that I knew

impressed me extremely. He had a very good position, but was forever talking about the slavery of it, and threatening to resign it and take the better offers that were forever crowding upon him. He would do it, indeed, he declared, but for his friendship for his employers—they were such good fellows, one and all, that he felt he must rather sacrifice himself than destroy their property by resigning his position. Of course, then I put him on a pedestal, particularly after he told me that the syndicate man was forever pestering him to write for him—had made him a standing offer of five hundred dollars apiece for any little things he might throw off. It did not matter about the length—anything with his name—it might be one manuscript page or five or ten, but whenever it came in the five hundred dollars would come back for it."

"I am not quite a fool, and yet I had a similar acquaintance, and I believed him—for two years, at least," said another. "But working about myself I came to know a little more of market values—also, to know a good deal about the publisher who had made, it was said, these remarkable offers. Talking with him one day, I asked, tentatively, what gave the work of the gentleman in question such exceptional value?—for it was fairly good but not better than that of a hundred others. At once the publisher asked what I meant. When he knew he simply exploded over my simplicity.

"Why, I wouldn't give him seventy-five dollars for the best piece of work he ever did," he said.

"O! ho! ho! I thought. The man is a political economist—I didn't dream he had such talent for romance."

Then the talk drifted to the Authors' Club. It was just after their "Ladies' Night," and one lawless creature said she had not properly enjoyed her privilege of being there.

"Because there were no catalogues," she explained, "and we could not tell a lion of deepest roar from just an ordinary, swallow-tailed man. I suggested to the powers that were that they might at least have tagged their celebrities. I don't believe he half liked it, either. Maybe he thought I was impertinent."

"No; but you see the Club does not like putting itself uselessly about," said a man—he was not a member. "Ordinary nights there would not be any use for the tags. You have only to look up at the book-shelves. Each man of them stands just under his own books."

Then the women unanimously voted that the man had said the most spiteful thing that they had heard that afternoon.

In another apartment there came up, not long since, the matter of titles, and various was the wisdom distilled. Said one, with the voice of authority:

"A book is like a dog; give it a bad name, and you had better kill it, as you thereby save the cost of paper and print. The odd thing about it is that authors are often so mistaken. The title upon whose unique appositeness you plume yourself may seem to the reading public a rock of offense untold. Just now there is an absolute craze for Shakspearean titles; that is, if it is still not proven that Shakspeare is Shakspeare. Mr. Howells is, in my judgment, partly responsible for it—as I hold him almost wholly responsible for the *cult* which declares that the first requisite of artistic excellence is to be uninteresting. He has heaps of followers—Americans all. They are beginning to lay William under tribute on the other side, too. Here is a young fellow, one John Reid, who has written a more than charming 'Chronicle of Small Beer.' I have no doubt he hugged himself over that title, yet it positively makes against the book. No, I don't quite understand it, unless it be that the writer's name is comparatively new. His work is, in my judgment, every whit as good as J. M. Barrio's first books. I fancy there is in the title a suggestion of triviality that does not take the average reader. It is not, you see, offset with a solid reputation. Of course, if Barrio had made use of it, it would not hurt the book at all. Everybody would be sure that he was going to get a literary rose, no matter by what name it was down in the catalogue.

"It is in cases such as this that the bubble reputation weighs very much heavier than the author's undoubted



humor and vivid fancy. The 'Chronicle' is a boy's book, written in Homeric vein—one of those that real boys can't let go, whether they have come to sixteen or sixty. By the way, it seems to me one of the most considerable of literary achievements, to write a book for a class that is of interest to everybody. That is what this chronicler has done. I am sure I hope to hear very much more of him."

"I agree with what you say about names," added another man. "'Ships That Pass in the Night' owes much more than half its success to the title. There's a morbid flavor, not too strong, and the leaven of Ibsen and Tolstoi has fermented a crop of readers who are nothing if not morbid. They must take their literary pleasure sadly, or it is no pleasure at all. So they have made a nice how-dy-do over a book that is but a little beyond mediocre. I myself confess to a degree of sympathy with the publisher who suggested to one of the introspective school that 'a little story in a novel helped the sale of it wonderfully.'"

"Oh, I see," said another. "You are by your stories as the old lady was by her grog. She said she 'was n't a bit particular, just so it was hot, strong, sweet, and plenty of it.' I am just through reading the very book for you. It is 'A Bedouin Girl,' by Mrs. Higginson, the only white woman who ever made the Haj—the holy pilgrimage to Mecca, you know. It is a big, bulky book, with as much story to the square inch as the Arabian Nights. There are some really wonderful pictures in it of desert life and happenings. I dare say it takes a good many liberties with the proprieties of high Mohammedan society; but as the authoress alone knows it, who is hurt? She has lived years on years in the East. In fact, her mental make-up must be saturated with spices and attar of rose, else she could never have written this book."

"I hate big books," some one else made haste to say.

"Then you must like 'A Bundle of Life,'" a masculine voice from the far corner said. "You can get that in the pocket of your new spring coat, and never spoil the set of it. But if you try to cram your mind with even half

the epigrams it contains, you will most likely suffer mental dyspepsia."

"You mean thing!" said the hostess—this was very informal, understand—"What did you get at that before me for? I wanted to read out some things from it, and then ask if any of you had ever heard anything neater."

"Fire away, then," said the sinner—who was, it turned out, the dearest enemy of the house-mistress. That is to say, the two quarrel perpetually in the most amicable fashion. Witness the fact that the sinner fetched the book and held a candle so the house-mistress could read without straining her eyes.

"Listen," she said. "Does not this fit women we all know? 'She affected an artless manner, and displayed now that childish merriment not seen in children, and now that rudeness which passes for sincerity and is usually found in the disingenuous.'"

"Mrs. —, to a fraction," the chief-sinner said, naming some one who, it is needless to add, was absent. "Here is a bit I like better," he went on, taking the book from the house-mistress: "'The truth is only convincing when told by an experienced liar.' Match me that, will you, for insight—and all the rest of it."

"I will," said the house-mistress, snatching at the book and whirling the leaves violently about. "An! here it is: 'Conscience is the name that we give to our prejudices.' That strikes me as reducing human nature quite to its lowest terms."

"Rather sharp philosophy for a young woman of twenty-six," said a smiling person at the door. He was on the point of vanishing so dared to fling over his shoulder this saying. "It used to be said, 'The end of a maid is to be married.' Now we say the beginning of a novelist is to leave her husband. I don't wonder in the least that *John Oliver Hobbes* has gone over to the majority. Think of feeling in duty bound to reserve for only one's husband stings and arrows like these, which were meant for mankind."

Not very edifying, all this—but it is part of what one hears when Bohemia of the better sort sits in judgment on its kind.

*Hazlitt Grahame.*





#### MOLLY.

If Molly's eyes would shine fer me,  
I'd give the sun fair warnin'  
He needn't rise to light *my* skies,  
Because the beam er Molly's eyes  
Would make my mornin'.

If Molly's lips was red fer me  
In weather sad or sunny,  
I'd say to every buzzin' bee :  
"You needn't rob the rose fer me—  
Her lips is honey !"

If Molly's heart would beat fer me  
*So low I jes' could hear it,*  
I'd give the world—leastways, *my* part—  
Fer jes' the beat er Molly's heart,  
An' my heart near it !

Frank L. Stanton.

#### FOOT-PRINTS.

Bettie was a little girl ten years old. She, like "Topsy," "grow'd," neither knowing where she came from nor to whom she belonged. She only knew that for several years she had been under the care of "Mammy Liza" and "daddy," as she was taught to call Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

Mrs. Baker had gotten her from the poor-house "to bring up," as she expressed it, and to help about the house. What a help she was, too, running here and there, picking peas, washing dishes, sweeping and dusting. Mrs. Baker did not believe in idleness. The quotation often on her lips was, "Satan

finds mischief for idle hands to do," and on seeing Bettie unoccupied would immediately set her to work. When night came the poor little body was worn out, so slept soundly.

Bettie was not a pretty child. Her face was fair, but freckled. Her hair of an uncertain, sunburnt color. Her nose! Well, people in glass houses must not throw stones, and how often does one see a really pretty nose? Her eyes were large and dark. Often when talking to "daddy" there was a soft, tender expression in them, which told of hidden feeling.

"Mammy Liza" was unusually cross. Had you listened you could have heard her sharp voice call out: "You, Bettie, bring them clothes in this minute, and don't you be a-loitering over them." She then stuck her finger in her mouth and felt the hot iron, which seemed to spit at her as it sent forth that sizzling sound.

Bettie lugged in the basket of clothes. As she did so Mr. Baker lit his corn-cob pipe and started out.

"Oh, daddy, take me with you," pleaded Bettie, but one look from Mrs. Baker silenced her. Giving one big swallow she tried to get down the lump that rose in her throat, and went on sprinkling the clothes for Mrs. Baker to iron.

"I just wonder why you should always want to be a-tagging after your 'daddy.' Men don't like girls trampoosing after them, nohow." Mrs. Baker, having delivered herself of this opinion, went on with her work. But Bettie knew better; for does not love beget love? and Bettie loved her "daddy" with a sort of adoration.

The next day after breakfast Mr. Baker hung around, and clearing his throat, asked if Bettie could be spared to go with him.

"And what do you want her for?" snapped his wife.

"Well, you see, I'm mighty busy gathering in my corn, and she could help pile it up, to be carted to the house."

Bettie cautiously waited for an answer, for on Mrs. Baker's words hung her happiness for the day.

"Well," answered that lady, smoothing down her apron, "I don't see as I've anything particular for her to do to-day, so if you really need her, you might as well take her."

Bettie did not wait for her to change her mind, but immediately set about getting their dinner ready, for they were to spend the day in the field. The old man and child started off together, the one satisfied, the other happy.

The old man, looking kindly at her, asked: "And you like to be with daddy?"

"Don't I, tho'," answered the child, giving his hard, horny hand a tight squeeze.

He rested his hand lightly on her shoulder, brushed back her straggling, sunburnt hair, and said: "You are a good child."

The child felt a sort of thrill, for this was the first time anyone had called her good. "Mammy Liza" often called her "good-for-nothing." "Could he mean it 'for short,' as 'Mammy Liza' sometimes called her 'Bet' 'for short,'" she said, "instead of Bettie." But, looking in the face of the old man, she knew he, at least, was her friend, and meant what he said.

They soon reached the field. Up and

down the corn-rows the two went; he in front, she following close behind, picking up the well-filled shucks, out of which sometimes peeped the golden grain.

Toward the middle of the day Andrew Baker heard a slight sigh. Looking around he saw Bettie wiping the perspiration from her freckled face.

"Now, little one, you are tired. You just go right over yonder, take our dinner, and rest yourself till I come," he said, pointing to a log partly covered with moss and lichens.

The child took her seat, thinking the while how pleasant it was to be watching "daddy" as he walked up and down the long corn-rows. The wind played with her hair, softly fanned her heated cheeks, and, before she knew it, Bettie was fast asleep.

She waked with a start, just as the sun was setting, and daddy hadn't had his dinner. She looked down the corn-rows expecting to see him coming toward her, but instead, he lay with his face downward to the earth. She went up to him, thinking how funny it was they should both have been asleep. What would "Mammy Liza" say? "Wake up, daddy," she said, smoothing back the gray hair from his forehead, which was quite cool. Just then she heard the harsh, dry voice of "Mammy Liza" calling: "You, Bettie. You, An-drew," as she came along the dusty road.

When Mrs. Baker reached the spot she found Bettie kneeling by the side of her husband, softly stroking his big, hard hand. His last row was done. The harvest had been gathered, and Andrew Baker had gone to give an account to the Master.

A few days later even Mrs. Baker was somewhat touched by the sorrowful little face of Bettie as she sat on the kitchen doorstep shelling peas. Toward night her face was flushed. She was burning with fever. The sun had done its work.

As the night wore on, she began to rave. Tossing from side to side on the pillow, she stretched out her arms, calling: "Daddy, daddy, take me with

you. I'll be good. Mammy Liza says I'm good-for-nothing, but I will be good." She clutched violently at the sheet, and, starting up, she began again her pleading, "Oh, daddy, daddy——"

As the last word escaped her the little tallow candle, burning low in the socket, flickered and went out, and all was as still as the darkness that shrouded the room.

The clouds slowly passed away; one by one the stars came out; the moon rose and shed a light over the cornfield, along the long rows of which might be faintly seen the marks of a man's foot, closely followed by the foot-prints of a child.

*Eva Howard.*

#### BELLA.

Bella, beautiful, divine,  
Perfect both in curve and line,  
Radiant like pale moonshine  
Upon alabaster spilled,  
Looks within the crystal stream;  
But no smile shoots forth a beam,  
Nor a blush a gladdened gleam,  
And her bosom moves unthrilled.  
There is neither glint nor glow  
Of a joy, and not a woe  
Does its darkening shadow show,  
As a lily's stem she strips.  
Raphael, nor Angelo,  
Ever shaped two shapelier lips.

Bella braids her bright, brown hair  
Into many a coil and snare.  
Does she do it unaware?

Then woe is the heart's mischance,  
Stumbling 'mong the pinky pits  
Wherein Cupid lurking sits,  
Rosy as the blush that flits

O'er her cheek, shy as her glance.  
Oh! what does the smile portend,  
Playing in the curve and bend  
Of her pouting lips, my friend,

Like a dream one hopes is true?  
Bella, one his life would spend  
To fulfill that dream for you.

Bella droops her lashes down,  
But there is a little frown  
On her forehead, while her brown  
Silken tresses sunkissed glisten.

Idly pluck her fingers white  
Petals from a flower bright,  
Stripping it of beauty quite—

But she does not cease to listen.  
Oh! the pleading of the lover  
Bending tenderly above her.

Say, what will his eyes discover  
When her eyes peep shyly out?  
How, my friend, would you reprove her  
If her lips should smile—or pout?

*John P. Sjolander.*

#### IN LIFE'S STERN SCHOOL.

In life's stern school, in days to come,  
Our wayward thoughts will backward run.  
The old time life of bell and book  
Will fasten many a wistful look;  
Again we'll sigh for girlhood days,  
In life's stern school.

How fair will seem these sunny hours,  
Of drifting clouds and transient showers,  
Of babbling brooks, alluring flowers,  
In life's stern school.

Oh! may life's lessons, learned by heart,  
A dignity to life impart.  
Though fate may frown still may we fight  
Ever to love and do the right,  
In life's stern school.

*Mary Curry Desha Breckinridge.*

#### DEB'S RIDE.

"Can you ride like the devil, 'Deb?'"

"You bet, Massa!"

"Ride through fire and water, Deb,  
without thinking of the cold or heat, or  
weariness?"

"Specks I can, massa, if you'se say  
so."

"Then, here you go, nig," and the tall, young Kentuckian gave the lithe little negro, scarce in his teens, a hoist on the handsome, black horse and then cautioned him thus: "You're to ride to the bend, 'Deb,' and wait there until 10 o'clock. Here, take my watch, so that you will not make any mistake about the time," and Captain Garry handed the boy his magnificent gold chronometer, an heirloom from his distinguished ancestors, with the utmost confidence as to its security, and continued, in a low, intense whisper, "God! boy, if you *should* make a mistake, it would mean something terrible for you and death to Colonel Mead."

"Deb" shivered a little; he knew what it meant to disobey young massa's orders, which he seldom did, but let Captain Garry be as severe as he would, "Deb" worshipped him with the dumb sort of idolatry of a faithful dog, and thought no task too great for himself.

"I'se do my berry bes', massa John; de colonel sha'nt git hurted," "Deb" said, confidently, proud to be entrusted with an errand like this to the captain's superior officer.

"Then wait for him in the thicket by the roadside, and give him this."

Captain Garry took from his vest pocket a small, sealed package, and, reaching up, fastened it securely under the lining of "Deb's" trousers waistband. "Now, be off, and let me see you again by twelve o'clock sharp." He gave the restive animal a keen cut with the long, slim whip he held in his shapely hand and turned away.

Off, like the wind, went the horse bearing the little black imp on his broad back, who laughed aloud as he felt the rapid swaying form under him. Fear was not in "Deb's" make-up, and no one knew better than Captain Garry the trustworthiness of his royal subject.

The Union gun-boats were coming down the Mississippi to attack the small relay of Confederate soldiers in hiding in the woods just below Columbus, Ky. Captain Garry, hearing something of the rumor, stealthily made his way back to his old home to find his aged mother lying at the point of death and all the servants gone away but faithful little black "Deb." Garry told the Colonel, before leaving, that he would either return at such a time, or, if prevented, would send a messenger. His mother barely alive, he could not, nor would not, leave her. The duty to her now was, he felt, greater than to his country.

So he went back to her bedside when he had dispatched "Deb," feeling very anxious and troubled, yet not doubting the boy to faithfully carry the message.

It was a November evening, about four o'clock, when "Deb" started on his perilous ride. The air was raw and chill. The long, white road lay before him, stretching on and on, interspersed with the moving shadows of the trees, where the bright moonlight mingled that of his own impish form and that of the majestic horse in weird confusion. On and on, the sharp clatter of "Black Selim's" glittering hoofs made wild echoes up the glen. What was that? The boy was no coward, but surely something did skulk in the shadows! A sharp, crackling sound! "I golly, dis chile git hurted, I reckon;" but "Deb" did not pause; only ducked his little, woolly head and chirruped to Selim more audibly. "Got to git dere,

ole boy," he said, patting his horse's neck encouragingly as he flew along the darkly-wooded way.

A sudden turn in the road, and "Black Selim" stopped short, and no amount of coaxing could move him onward. "Git ep, git ep; now what is de matter wif you, chile?" "Deb" was anxious and worried. The imp looked at the watch cautiously. "I golly, mos' eight o'clock; dis won't do." Leaning forward, he broke off a long switch and gave the apparently obstinate animal several sharp cuts, the result being that "Black Selim" shook himself viciously, and threw the little ducky to the ground, then turned and dashed back the way he came.

"You o'nary brack debbil," said "Deb" as he picked himself up and looked after the receding form of the sagacious animal that knew only too well what he was about. And now "Deb" hears voices. "Wonda who dem is?" was his mental comment, still without fear. Stooping, he hid in the bushes until he saw a party of Union soldiers come into view and depart. "Deb's" eyes were like two saucers now. He did not wait for the sounds of the soldiers' footsteps to die away, but gathered himself up, and spitting on his hands, shot like an arrow down through the woods keeping well in the shade of the trees. "I'se jes' got to do it," he whispered, and the fleet little limbs made almost lightning-like speed, as, scratched, bruised, and his garments hanging in tatters, he reached the spot to which he had been directed just half an hour after the appointed time. Colonel Mead was not there, but a trusty aid awaited "Deb's" coming. The trusty little ducky would not give the package up, until he was assured that the aid "was not playing him a game" as he afterward said, and when satisfied on that point, he suddenly fainted away, and the soldier just picked him up and walked off with him. When "Deb" did not return, but the riderless horse did, Captain Garry was worried indeed. He at once came to the conclusion that the boy had fallen into the hands of the Union soldiers, and the contents of the package known.

"It's all up with Mead now," he said almost despairingly, with a deprecating feeling tugging at his heart lest the boys might think he deserted them in their hour of need. Strange to say Mrs. Garry began to grow better, and with her consent the Captain decided to return and reconnoiter, and find out, if possible, what had become of "the boys" as he had no way of obtaining information, in hiding as he was. It was several days afterwards, in the twilight, just as he was buckling on his sword preparatory to starting, that the outside door opened softly and a little black form crept up to the Captain's side, and laying the gold watch in the Captain's hand, said in a weak voice: "It's all right-right massa, I gib de message," and then "Deb" fainted away for the second time in his life.

Captain Garry could not believe his senses, and seemed dazed for a moment, and then he said with actual tears in his eyes, "you're a dandy, 'Deb.'" and made haste to restore the boy to consciousness. He made him lie still and refreshed him with wine and toast before he would let him tell any of his story. The Captain did not go away that evening nor the next, but when he did he said he knew of no other person he felt so safe to leave his convalescing mother with, as little black "Deb," who proved himself a hero and a loyal one. *Mrs. S. C. Hazlett-Bevis.*

#### MEMORY IS POSSESSION.

Bright was the summer day, ay, strangely bright;

The sunlight glinted in thy golden hair.

Bright was the starlit, sensuous summer night

With dreams of thee, thy willowy form,  
Thy clinging garment rare.

And now, though winter days are drear, so drear,

To chide or murmur at them I forbear.

I walk in them as in that summer, dear,

And brighten them with visions of  
Thy sunny, sunny hair.

Ay, and though winter nights are long, so long,

No more I dread their lagging hours mute.

I hold the power of a magician strong

To shorten them with visions of  
Thy short, short bathing-suit.

*Jack of Hearts.*

#### VIRGINIA DARE.\*

"Sweet, sweet Virginia Dare!"

Where? O, Where?

And the echoing forest rings,  
With this song the wild bird sings,  
As if seeking, with swift wings,  
Virginia Dare!

"Sweet, sweet Virginia Dare!"

Oh, how fair!

As in the fresh spring morn,  
Gliding down the wooded lawn,  
Tripping graceful as a fawn,  
Virginia Dare!

In thy dark and gentle eyes  
Was a startled, pleased surprise,  
And a love that never dies,  
Virginia Dare!

"Sweet, sweet Virginia Dare!"

Art thou there?

In the green and golden gloom,  
Where the proud magnolias bloom,  
Hast thou found thy secret room,  
Virginia Dare?  
Or by the dark lagoon,  
Dark amidst the Southern noon,  
Where the sad-toned ring-doves croon,  
Virginia Dare?

"Sweet, sweet Virginia Dare!"

O, art thou there?

Deep in the wild-wood's nave,  
Where the sombre pine trees wave,  
Was there made thy lonely grave,  
Virginia Dare?

For the solemn pine trees groan,  
Whisper with a wailing moan,  
"Alas that she has gone!"  
Virginia Dare!

"Sweet, sweet Virginia Dare!"

Where? O, where?"

Old Albemarle's dull roar,  
On the lonely, silent shore,  
Murmurs: "She returns no more,"  
"Virginia Dare!"

*John Cooke Olmsted.*

\*NOTE—"Virginia Dare," the first English child born in the New World, was born in Sir Walter Raleigh's colony, founded on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, in 1585. This colony, consisting of one hundred and eight souls, after the ships left for England, was never again heard from. When the ships returned, several years after its foundation, not a trace of it remained. The fate of this lost "colony" was never ascertained, and long formed an interesting subject for speculation. After the settlement of the country, many legends were current concerning Virginia Dare. White hunters and Indians claimed to have had glimpses of a beautiful white maiden, in remote and lonely recesses of the forest; this was believed to be Virginia Dare. Sometimes she glided suddenly before them, appearing as a beautiful maiden in the costume of an Indian girl, and vanishing in the forest glade, disappeared from their startled vision. Again at other times when pursued, she took the form of a white fawn. These legends were long current among the early colonists.

## HE STRUCK A BONANZA.

He walked into a bookstore in Atlanta a few days ago and paused before the Bible department. He leaned over the counter and said to the ministerial looking salesman:

"Is them Buffalo Bill books over thar?"

"Nope. Religious works."

"Don't nun o' them read 'bout chasin' Injuns an' shootin' wild varmints?"

"Not exactly."

"Nuthin' 'bout a feller 'at could knock 'em out like John L., ner er feller 'at's slick with er Winchester, ner hed the nerve to tackle er bar?"

"Oh yes, one man who could beat all that."

"Who's he?"

"Sampson."

"What 'd he do?"

"Oh, he had a fight with a lion."

"Laid 'im out, did 'e?"

"Yes, he killed the lion."

"Jes' bored 'im with 'is Winchester?"

"Nope."

"Biffed 'im in de head with er axe, I 'spect?"

"Nope."

"Jes kyarved 'em with 'is bowie?"

"No, he just caught the beast by the throat and choked it to death."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, he was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Wusser'n John L?"

"Yes."

"Wusser'n Jimmie Corbett?"

"Oh, yes; Sampson could have knocked them both out at once."

"Whoopee! Ain't he the stuff? I'll take about a dozen o' 'ere Sampson books."

*James A. Hall.*



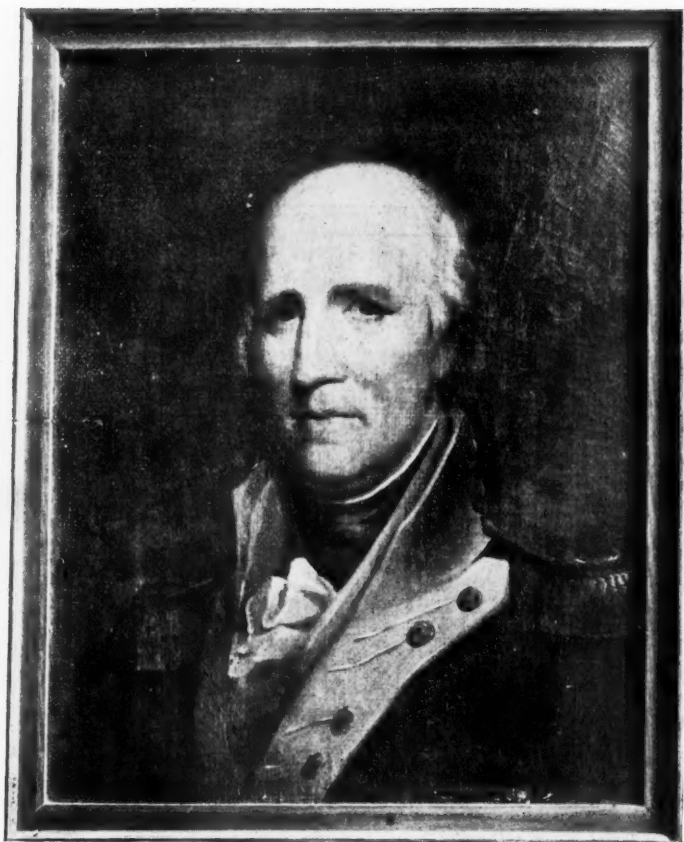
A NEW "SAFETY."

"Here comes Mr. DePuyster on his new Safety. How gracefully he manages his wheel. Let us wait till he passes; it is such a treat to see him ride."

PAT—"Begorrah, if Katie could see how thim ladies was admirin' me she 'd be jealous intirely."



*All literature must, to a certain extent,  
savor of the soil ; but it should not be sec-  
tional, and it must be able to endure trans-  
portation without losing its flavor.*



GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

(FROM PORTRAIT PAINTED BY MATTHEW H. JOUETT, IN POSSESSION OF COLONEL R. T. DURRETT.)